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n McLaughlin on
Escalation in Lebanon
—see page 1259

NATIONAL REVIEW

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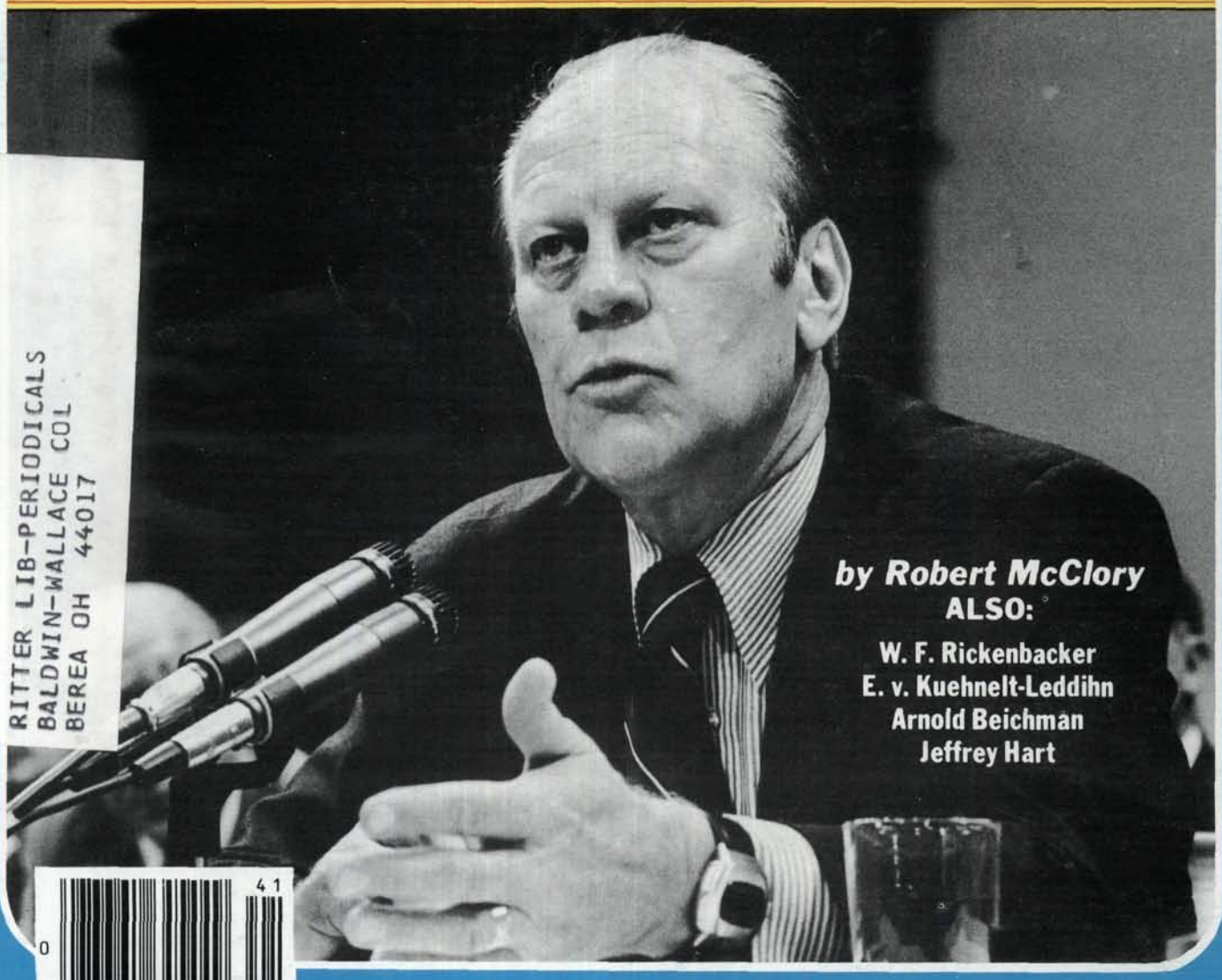
Was the Fix in between Ford and Nixon?



by Robert McClory

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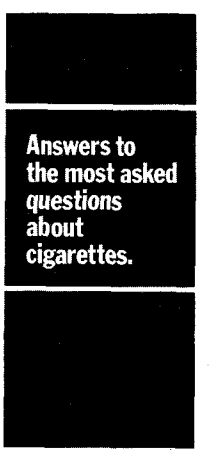

WEIGH BOTH SIDES BEFORE YOU TAKE SIDES.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 14, 1983
VOL. XXXV, NO. 20

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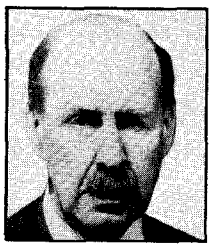

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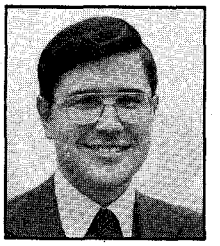

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The Cover

1264 Was the Fix in between Ford and Nixon?
Seymour Hersh has lately revived old speculation that Gerald Ford got the Presidency by bargaining to pardon his predecessor. Herewith the true facts by a former congressman who served on the House Judiciary Committee at the time. He recalls the fatal 48 hours between Nixon's promise never to resign and his resignation. There are no unidentified sources: Names are named, quotations attached to them. It's harsh on Hersh. *Robert McClory*

Articles & Columns

1259 Escalation in Lebanon
The President may know what he's doing there, but he has some explaining to do to the rest of the country. *John McLaughlin*

1260 Loony Lending
Are you a little unclear about what the IMF does? Naturally. So is the IMF. *Tom Bethell*

1262 Getting It Right
A pair of statesmen, one English and one French, offer remarkably similar views of the Soviet Union, both equally fatuous. *Brian Crozier*

1274 Saving the UOS
The Libertarian Party held its convention in a ballroom and chose its 1984 presidential candidate. Unfortunately, he would leave the job of restraining the Soviets to an invisible hand. *Richard Brookhiser*

1278 Jews, Christians, and Gentiles
Without rancor, without sentimentalism, believing Jews and Christians must recover their common ground. *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

1283 Poets and Pictures
Churchill's paintings are eloquent without offering messages. *William F. Rickenbacker*

1284 Why Skinny Uncle Sam Looks Like Fat Uncle Fred
The birth of a bureaucracy. *Greg O'Brien*

Books Arts & Manners

1286 Does America face a legitimacy crisis? Not now, say S. M. Lipset and William Schneider in *The Confidence Gap*, but it might not take much to bring one on. **Arnold Beichman** thinks they have a point. . . . Eisenhower is not to be confused with Ike, says **Jeffrey Hart**, after reading Fred I. Greenstein's *The Hidden-Hand Presidency*. . . . **Joseph Sobran** shudders at *Stolen Church*—an account of a little-known episode of Communist persecution. . . . **William McGurn** admires the grim eloquence of Anthony Bailey's *Along the Edge of the Forest: An Iron Curtain Journey*. . . . A new book about the Shroud of Turin leaves the big question open—in itself a remarkable fact, says **J. A. O'Keefe**. . . . In *Ancient Evenings*, Norman Mailer has created a convincingly pre-Mosaic world. **D. Keith Mano** marvels. . . . They're trying to tell us *Daniel* isn't about the Rosenbergs. Baloney, says **John Simon**. . . . **Nika Hazelton** tells how you too can achieve perfect ice cubes.

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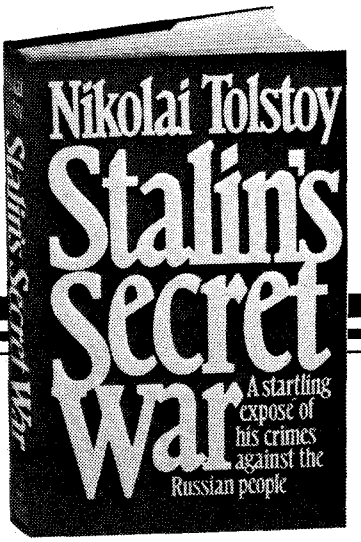
"A STUPENDOUS BOOK"

— Joseph Sobran
National Review



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Mr. Sobran's review explains why:

Liberals forever remind us that the Soviet Union lost twenty million people in World War II. Nikolai Tolstoy (grandnephew of Leo) puts the figure even higher. But he argues that most of them were killed by Stalin himself....

He was incomparably the richest man who ever lived: "Stalin virtually owned the Soviet Union in as absolute a sense as property can acquire." When a dog in the street woke him with its barking, he had dog and master shot. A series of painters who produced insufficiently flattering portraits of him — five-feet-four, scrawny, scrofular — were also shot. While the proletariat was reduced, at times to cannibalism, he had mountains of caviar specially flown to his enormous personal estate, where he watched the American gangster movies he loved....

He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

Just before his death Stalin was contemplating an invasion of Western Europe.

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Letters

Battling Dragons

Mr. Hart's article, "When Did Hobey Baker Die?" [Sept. 30], captures my own feelings about the colleges I recently attended, as I drifted, unsatisfied, from one to another. My drifting would not have been tolerated by colleges in the days before they lost their sense of identity and authority. Somehow I survived, but I was not helped by institutional tolerance. Mr. Marcus's article a few pages later, " 'Right On' on the Campuses," cheered me up a bit. I'm just sorry I was a student between the invasion by a "hatred of style and distinction" and the more recent coming of "dragon-slayers" to the rescue.

Michael Sanders
White Plains, N.Y.

A Reasonable Judgment?

Steven Baer addresses some important problems with regard to the Infant Doe phenomenon ["Should Imperfect Infants Survive?" Sept. 2]. The courts' decisions on deformed or retarded newborns who are being denied treatment and even food so as to bring an end to their misery (?) are based on a form of the judicial doctrine called "substituted judgment." This doctrine usually manifests itself in a court's overruling the decision of a cognizant patient who, most often for religious reasons, has declined medical treatment—e.g., a necessary blood transfusion. The effect of a court's paternalistically ignoring a patient's religious beliefs is that it nullifies them, substituting a more "reasonable" belief in place of what the court regards as a mere superstition.

Ironically, in the Infant Doe case the court used substituted judgment to shorten, not prolong, the newborn's life. Three state courts refused to intervene when the parents of a baby with Down's syndrome requested that it be starved. Thus the courts assented to infanticide, apparently on grounds that, if the infant were in a position rationally to choose, he would not want to live. This is a legal fiction run amuck, a fiction that subverts any realization, or even approximation, of equal protection under the law. In such a life-or-death dilemma, on which side should we err?

Bryan A. Garner
Austin, Tex.

Each of us, I suppose, has his Achilles' heel. *NR*'s is clearly adherence to a late-twentieth-century restatement of a purportedly catholic, apostolic doctrine. Mr. Baer's article is a perfect case in point.

A recent PBS television program showed wolves and caribou ridding their herds of the old and the ill. I would like Mr. Baer to explain to a 1928 Prayer Book Episcopalian why all mammalian species, including the many variants of "man," should not purge their several lineages the same way that the wolves and the caribou do.

W. Brown Morton Jr.
Warsaw, Va.

Mr. Baer Replies

If the distinction between children and caribou is not glaringly obvious to Mr. Morton, he is not completely alone. A commentary in the July 1983 issue of *Pediatrics*, the official journal of the American Academy of Pediatrics, similarly suggests that we regard handicapped children as we would "a dog or a pig" in making decisions concerning medical treatment: "Why should we believe that the mere fact that a being is a member of the species *Homo sapiens* endows its life with some unique, almost infinite value?"

If knowledge that a handicapped child possesses a distinct and divine image fails to evoke reverence for his or her life, then simple self-interest should. "Sentimental souls believe," says Princeton's Paul Ramsey, in the anthology *Infanticide and the Handicapped Newborn*, "that we can draw a line on the continuum of human life. . . . After one or another line has been passed in human development, they say, there is an equal congener among us, a human being as inviolate as any other human being from assault or wrongful death. . . . In the practical order, however, nothing can be clearer than that *there is no such line*." The subjective assessment of mental, physical, even *political* "deficiencies," therefore, threatens every class with exclusion from the law's protections when it excludes any class.

Suggestions such as Mr. Morton's come invariably from those who consider themselves exempt from such purges of the species. If 1928 Prayer Book Episcopalians were nominated as the first to be purged, I hazard that his Social Darwinist position would undergo a rapid evolution.

Steven Baer
Americans United for Life
Legal Defense Fund
Chicago, Ill.

Justice and Mercy

I believe every reader agreed with Karl Spence's article, "Crime and Punishment" [Sept. 16]. I would like to remind everyone of Martin Luther's opinion on this same subject: "Mercy is the duty of Christians in their private capacity; as of-

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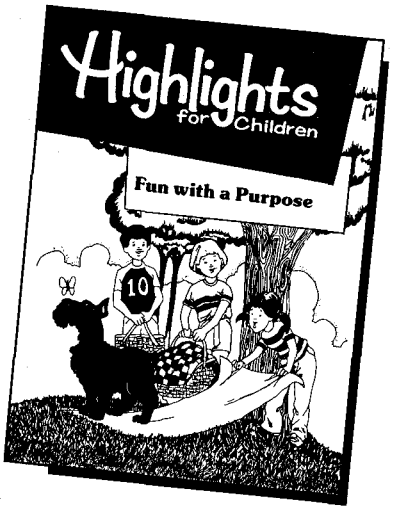

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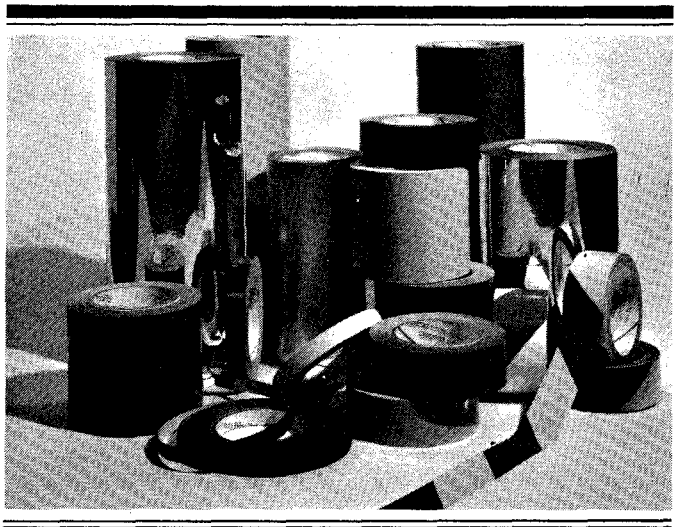

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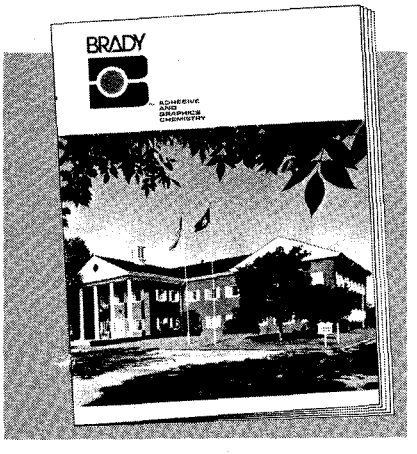

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ficers of the state, however, they must normally follow justice rather than mercy. We owe more consideration to the community endangered by crime, than to the criminals endangering the community."

Manuel Higgins
Erie, Pa.

Freedom Fund

In order to clarify the record in "For the Record" [Sept. 2], the VFW did not vote to establish a private fund for Nicaraguan guerrilla groups. The resolution adopted during the VFW convention in August would allow VFW members—or anyone else—to contribute to an American Security Council-managed program that would funnel only humanitarian aid to the Nicaraguan freedom fighters.

Mr. Currieo (the former VFW chief) got the idea during his trip to the region last July, and it was only coincidental with the House action to cut off covert funds for the guerrilla groups.

Wade W. LaDue
Veterans of Foreign Wars
Kansas City, Mo.

Justifying Terror

Judging by the reaction of some of my Croatian friends to Richard Brookhiser's article, "Look Homeward, Terrorist" [Aug. 5], a great majority of the Croatians in the U.S.A. is grateful to you for exposing acts of terrorism that are giving a bad name to the entire community. This majority hopes that your public exposition will have salutary effects all around. However, the quoted guess of an FBI agent that terrorists will be back within a year or so dampens the hope and causes new concerns and fears.

Mr. Brookhiser's article, courageous and excellent as it is, tells only half of the story: a case history of one terrorist operation. It tells little of the other half: the psychological and political atmosphere that breeds inspiration to terrorism. There are a number of leaders and political activists in Argentina, Australia, Canada, Germany, Sweden, the U.S.A., and other countries, who teach that the "just cause" of the Croatian people justifies every means in achieving their political goals. Promoting such ideas, from a safe distance, these men cheer "the young Turks" on to their "heroic and historic deeds." Some, who otherwise use legal means in their political actions, encourage the terrorists nevertheless by expressing "understanding" and "sympathy." (For instance, Father Majic himself urged them to testify "*that they did not commit* grave acts with which they were charged.")

Because of the FBI prophecy I must regretfully sign this letter with a pseudonym.

T. Horvath
New York, N.Y.

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Good Intentions

I have enjoyed John Saxon's articles about his high-school math program—most recently "Save Our Mathematics!" [Aug. 19]. Two comments seem in order.

In the opinion of some mathematicians, the "new math" represents a lost opportunity. The idea was to eliminate some of the drudgery from mathematics and show its beauty as mathematicians perceive it. Instead, the "new math" authors packed their textbooks with certain logical niceties, which, at the high-school level, were mere pedantries. The "new math" died a well-deserved death.

Saxon's program appears to produce excellent results statistically, but it does nothing for the potentially gifted student. Nothing is more boring for such students than being forced to do hundreds of routine exercises when, for these students, about six examples would suffice. Given the anti-elitist bias of our time, I fear that these students will be sacrificed to the goal of statistical mass achievement.

J. Ian Richards
Professor of Mathematics
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

Peace in Pieces

I was shocked by the comments of John McLaughlin on German reunification ["Germany Reunified?" Aug. 19]. I remember learning that the seeds of the next war are always planted in the "peace treaty" that ended the last.

World War II has been over for 38 years, yet the German people are still punished by being forcibly separated. As for the tired old shibboleth that a unified Germany is a threat to peace, why? A unified Germany is no bigger than France or England. Why are these countries not threats to peace? Or is there some racial prejudice that says the Germans are intrinsically more dangerous than the English or the French? Mr. McLaughlin seems to believe reunification would lead to the immediate resurrection of Hitler.

Ronald Miller
Cincinnati, Ohio

Inarguably, many European countries were overrun by German troops in World Wars I and II. Inarguably, these countries would be apprehensive about the potential strength of a reunified Germany. The point of the piece, again, was that the West should begin planning now to ensure that a single Germany would strengthen the aspirations of NATO. History ought not to be allowed to unfold by drift, producing a dicey dénouement, as happened in the Thirties. The diplomat quoted in my piece certainly did not suggest that reunification means another Hitler, nor do I, although neo-Nazism has not been eradicated from West Germany. —JM

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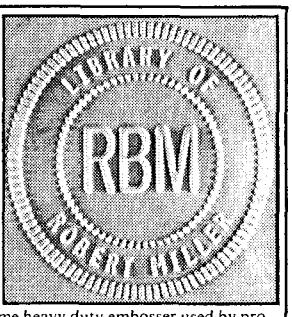

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NASA at 25

The Soviet launch of the first man-made satellite in 1957 galvanized the attention of the world—and gave America reason to pause. The space age had been born with America only as a spectator.

Stunned by the Soviet achievement, the U.S. marshaled its national resources to meet the new challenges of space. To ensure that in the future we would not lag behind in scientific know-how, Congress began a crash program in support of education. To meet the immediate challenge, Congress created the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to direct a concerted American effort in space. Although we may have squandered the educational lead the crash program gave us, NASA has served America well in the quarter century since its birth.

NASA deserves much of the credit for meeting and then quickly surpassing the Soviet achievement in space. NASA has reached out to the planets and has begun to explore the universe. It has fulfilled what was once a dream of the ancient world and then a national goal for the United States: "land a man on the moon and return him safely to earth before the end of the decade." President Kennedy stated that goal in 1961 and since then 12 Americans have walked on the moon. No other country has sent even a single person there.

The research and scientific discoveries spearheaded by NASA have pushed technology forward, improving the quality of life, raising the standard of living, generating entirely new industries, and creating new jobs. So fundamental and so profound have been NASA's achievements that they quickly became part of our everyday life and have since been taken for granted.

Perhaps even more important than the myriad of practical applications is NASA's impact on the intellectual and spiritual well being of the nation. We are no longer a spectator in the space age. America is a full participant —indeed the leader. And this participation has fortified our national resolve, renewed confidence in our national purpose, and enriched the spirit of our times.

NASA mobilized the talents of science, industry, the universities, and government, advancing knowledge of our universe further than in all previous history. In doing so, NASA has set the standard for American efforts to compete across the whole spectrum of advancing technologies.

In this 25th anniversary year of NASA's birth, Americans should pause and reflect upon the great achievements and national pride that our space agency has brought about.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Good news, bad news: What about Republican prospects in the South? The party itself seems in bad shape for the only three gubernatorial races this year. It now looks as if the GOP may lose in Louisiana, where Democratic ex-Gov. **Edwin Edwards** leads Republican Gov. **David Treen** in the polls. In Kentucky, Democrat **Martha Layne Collins** is well ahead of opponent **Jim Bunning**, and in Mississippi it's close, but Democratic populist **Bill Allain** leads GOPer **Leon Bramlett**. Bramlett could make it; the Democratic primary was hot, bitter, and divisive. . . . On the other hand, **Ronald Reagan** himself is flying high right now in Dixie. At last week's Southern Governors' Association meeting in Austin, Tex., Democratic Govs. **Charles Robb** (Va.), **James B. Hunt** (N.C.), and **Robert Graham** (Fla.) all felt Reagan was going strong, would probably win next year. . . . Analyst **Kevin Phillips** believes Reagan's major gains with Southern whites will more than offset **Jesse Jackson**'s move to register 1.5 million new black voters in the South. A **Darden** research poll in Atlanta shows Reagan's approval rating on handling of economic matters up to 54.6 per cent —from 33.4 six months earlier—with Southerners. In face-off with **Walter Mondale** it was Reagan 58 to Mondale 38; with **John Glenn**, Reagan 54, Glenn 41.

■ Other candidacies. **Charles Smith** of Glenn's campaign staff is delighted at what Washington has started calling "the [Jesse] Jackson syndrome": Will or won't Jackson get into the race? "Jackson's indecision has stalled the automatic black endorsement of Mondale," says Smith. "It's bought time and we're appreciative of that." . . . Congressman **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.), who is less than enthusiastic about Jackson's candidacy, remarked at recent Black Caucus gala dinner that "no one is serious about a black candidate," but also that "no one should be critical of Jackson with **McGovern** in the race. McGovern is a joke." . . . Look who's talking. Sen. **Christopher Dodd** (D., Conn.) has criticized McGovern for getting into the fray because it will hurt the party's attempt "to appeal to a broader constituency." . . . That, complains New York's feisty mayor, **Ed Koch**, is exactly what the Democratic presidential field isn't doing. Koch told *Washington Post*'s **David Broder**: "Our presidential candidates are not extremists, but they're walking down that McGovern path of pandering to the most extreme elements of every constituency on every issue." . . . Of interest: Recent poll of black voters shows Walter Mondale leading Jesse Jackson by 41 to 29 per cent. . . . **John Anderson** is actively raising money for his third-party candidacy—hasn't yet got a name for his party, apparently, but he himself, he says, has been "radicalized." . . . Anderson's candidacy not unwelcome at White House, where private polls indicate he would take 8 to 12 per cent of the vote, mostly from whoever is the Democratic candidate. . . . **Barry Commoner**'s Citizens Party is scrambling for a presidential candidate. Commoner has endorsed Jesse Jackson, and **Ramsey Clark**—another possible sacrificial lamb —is leaning that way.

Handelsman, *Punch* Rothco

"First of all, I want it understood that knights of the Round Table are not prejudiced against dragons per se."

■ Fallout from the KAL incident. Senate not only voted a resolution urging Reagan to cut down on number of Soviet officials in the U.S.—Sens. **Walter Huddleston** (D., Ky.) and **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) are working on putting that into law—but it also voted 93 to 0 on more important matter of forcing Administration to report on Soviet SALT violations. . . . For the record, the only two House members who found themselves unable to criticize Soviets for shooting down KAL plane were Detroit Democrats **George W. Crockett** and **John Conyers**. They voted "present" while 416 of their colleagues voted to condemn. . . . Columnist **Mary McGrory** rather likes Reagan's suggestion that the UN meet half the year in Moscow. The KGB might be so busy following the 35,000 UN delegates and staff around, she says, that "**Andropov**'s old outfit might have to cut down on harassing its own people." . . . It took the radical weekly *Guardian* three weeks to come up with its conclusion about the KAL massacre. Its lengthy analysis of the situation ends: "Further disclosures favorable to the Soviets cannot yet be precluded."

■ Quip of the week, from **Bob Neuman**, director of communications for Democratic National Committee: "Under the Democrats we never lost the America's Cup."

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THE WEEK

■ Johnny Carson apparently does not understand the urgency of forgetting about KAL 007. He's added Kremlin jokes to his monologue and invariably gets huge cheers. Sample: Gromyko isn't coming to the UN because he doesn't like American airports. His heart sets off the metal detector.

■ For a year and a half the major international lending banks in this country have been playing a risky game: extending fresh loans to insolvent borrowers in order to keep those borrowers' old loans on the books rather than writing them off and taking losses that would throw most of the big banks into bankruptcy. In order to extend the old loans, the big banks have had to rely on the team spirit of the small outlying banks that have taken pieces of the action while letting the "lead banks" serve as loan underwriter and manager. Citibank recently tried to extend a $45-million loan to Mexico, and the unthinkable happened: Michigan National Bank of Detroit filed suit against Citibank to regain its $5-million piece of the loan. So Citibank extended only $40 million, but refused to pay off Michigan's $5 million. Interesting questions arise: Did Citibank, as manager of the loan, give proper attention to Mexico's deteriorating finances? Did Citibank, as holder of billions of dollars of credits against Mexico, act disinterestedly when it asked Michigan to "go along" with a bad loan, when a formal default by Mexico would have bankrupted Citibank? If the court rules in Michigan's favor, the jig is dangerously near to being, well, up. We have come to the cemetery of international Mickey Mouse finance, and the whistling has stopped. And everyone knows it.

■ The Reagan Administration is said to be thinking about setting quotas on meat imports—mainly beef (we now import about 1.3 billion pounds per year) and veal. There is a 1979 law mandating quotas when imports start growing faster than sales of home-grown meat. Home-grown meat hasn't seen a bull market in two years. Canada and New Zealand, in view of Australia's drought, stepped up their exports to the United States, expecting Australia to go slow on slaughter in order to build up herds. Instead, Australia stepped up its exports to build up cash flow. This may trigger the quota machinery of the 1979 law, which requires the U.S. to do the arithmetic each calendar quarter but doesn't say whether the boys should read the gauges at the start or at the end of the quarter. Australia is bugging the White House to figure the new quotas now, before Canada and New Zealand establish their new and higher portions. In the past, when push came to shove, the U.S. has always relied on provisions in the law that permit "voluntary" quotas; Australia, this time, says it won't play. In November, after setting new quotas in this country, Mr. Reagan expects to go to Tokyo to sermonize the Japanese on the evil effect of *their* quotas on American meat. Everyone knows intervention doesn't work. They just keep fooling around with it because it's so much *fun*.

■ The *New York Times*, in a recent editorial, came out vehemently against the Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Christmas crèche, soon to be ruled on by the Supreme Court. The *Times* explained that the "Constitution's first commandment" is that the state must be "neutral as to religion." (Their wording. Neither the words nor the thought can be found in the Constitution.) The editorial continues: "It's no answer to say, with Pawtucket's officials, that other religions may be invited to erect their own religious symbols. That only means that every religion may compete for state support when the Constitution forbids any." By excluding religion from all government-tinged activities, however, the secularists would restrict religion to the progressively fewer places where the government does not figure. (The bedroom? In the government-subsidized-mortgaged house?) Neutrality about religion is difficult to achieve. Why try?

■ Throughout the debate over the American Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons, Father J. Bryan Hehir played the role of the invisible man. Whenever anyone suggested that he was the driving force behind the letter, Father Hehir demurely deflected all attention to the bishops themselves. Still, the suspicion lingered—especially among those who happened to see Cardinal Bernardin, said to be the principal author of the letter, try to field questions on nuclear matters (after uttering a few words, Cardinal Bernardin would invariably defer to Father Hehir for further elaboration of the bishops' thinking). But

Footnote on Flight 007

The senators and congressmen
  Have been appropriately shocked,
While landing rights for Aeroflot
  Are being, through November, blocked.
The presidential rhetoric
  Turned radios incarnadine,
But nothing brought me to my feet
  Until I heard Charles Lichenstein.

W. H. VON DREELE

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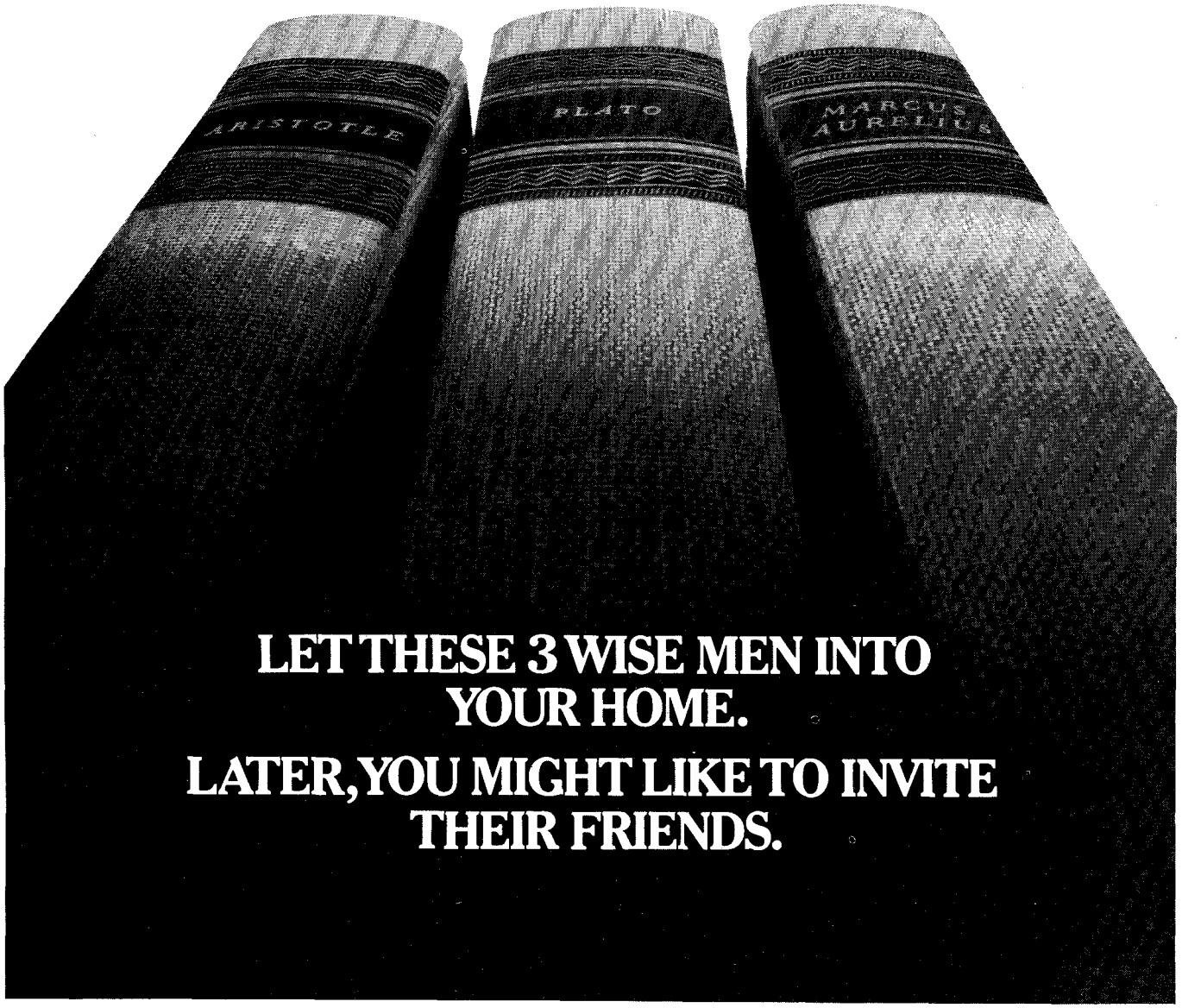

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Congress is in session, but you wouldn't know it from the talk in the nation's capital, so absorbed is everyone here with foreign news—Lebanon, East/West relations (in the aftermath of KAL 007), Shamir's accession in Israel, ominous turbulence in the Philippines and Chile, George Bush's Eastern European swing, and Caspar Weinberger's Orient express.

Central America was almost eclipsed by this rash of events, but it is being pulled rapidly back into the picture by, among other items, the Senate Intelligence Committee's remarkable 13 to 2 vote to provide $19 million in fiscal 1984 to extend covert aid to the rebel forces (the Contras) fighting the Marxist Sandinista government in Nicaragua. Committee members were mightily impressed by Messrs. Shultz and Casey's presentation of Ronald Reagan's formal finding that our national security interest is, indeed, served by this paramilitary effort. Mr. Shultz was especially impressive in describing what we have done both to reassure our friends and allies, and to deter the Sandinistas from extending their operation into Honduras. He made no bones about the shifting of the Administration's rationale for the covert aid: The funding is no longer being urged just to stop the flow of arms to the guerrillas in El Salvador. The new rationale is that this help to the Contras will inhibit the subversion of neighboring states by Daniel Ortega and his Sandinista cohorts.

Most of the Democrats on the committee, *mirabile auditu*, voted with the Republican majority. The aid question will eventually have to be further argued between the Senate (which is expected to go along with the committee's endorsement) and the House, which voted against the aid, 228 to 195, in July. The feeling here is that when the aid bill goes to conference committee, it will favor a six-month extension of the funding, with the Administration then required to justify its request once again. That the mood of Congress is hawkish since KAL 007 is indicated by this Senate committee vote, as well as by congressional acquiescence to the 18-month extension of the Marine presence in Lebanon, the defunding of the UN, the rejection of the ICBM missile "build-down" notion, and the scathing condemnation by both Houses of the KAL massacre.

■ The new assistant secretary of the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs, Tony Motley, successor to Tom Enders, has caused some eyebrow-raising among conservatives for having, first, retained four out of five of Mr. Enders's key staff and, second, elevated them from office directors to deputy assistant secretaries. One of these subalterns, James Michel, is now Mr. Motley's principal deputy. Motley is regarded as knowledgeable on hemispheric affairs and a canny infighter, but some highly placed Reaganites, both in the State Department and elsewhere in the Executive branch, wonder how he can function according to Reagan objectives when his information flow is controlled and filtered by these Enders holdovers.

■ One Reagan appointee who continues to gain kudos from all sides is former Florida Senator Richard Stone, a Democrat, who serves as Mr. Reagan's special envoy to Central America. You will note that certain members of Congress have lately fallen silent on matters Central American, notably Senator Christopher Dodd and Representatives Steve Solarz and Mike Barnes, all of whom had been clamoring for "dialogue without preconditions" with the Salvadoran guerrillas. The reason for their present silence, Cato discerns, is that Stone, acting under Ronald Reagan's directive, has taken away their Reagan-wants-only-a-military-solution club. Stone has been able to engineer meetings between himself and rebel leader Ruben Zamora in Bogotá (after Zamora failed to show at an earlier meeting), and later with the political and military wings of the anti-Salvadoran guerrilla movement, the FMLN (*Frente Farabundo Martí de Liberación Nacional*) and the FDR (*Frente Democrático Revolucionario*), in Bogotá and San José. Stone also was instrumental in getting the Salvadoran peace commission to meet with both these wings to talk about a potential role for the guerrillas in the upcoming elections next February or March. Stone is now quietly turning his attention to opening a more difficult dialogue, namely, between Managua and the Contras. The latter are open to the idea but the Sandinistas say they will talk not to the dog but to the dog's owner. Stone's skill may get an unexpected boost from Havana, however, if what we hear is true, namely that Castro has urged the Sandinistas to talk at least to the pastoral wing of the Contras and then to the United States. Fidel, it seems, has grown afraid of the fleet. —CATO

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now that the letter is safely out, Father Hehir appears to be welcoming attention. He has let it be known that he feels "honored" to be named as a recipient of the Letelier-Moffitt Award, given annually by the leftist Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. Father Hehir earned the award, the IPS said, for his "behind-the-scenes" work on the pastoral letter. The folks at IPS are experts on behind-the-scenes work.

■ Ed Koch, New York City's popular mayor, has been telling the Democrats to return to "mainstream politics." New Yorkers, suspecting that Koch is angling for a spot on a Mondale or Glenn ticket, are saying that Koch's presence would "de-schmuck" the ticket.

■ It is ironic, and also tiresomely predictable, that the same newspapers and commentators now calling on Reagan to cancel his scheduled November visit to the Philippines would be the first heartily to applaud a presidential visit to Moscow, Budapest, Managua, Warsaw, Sofia, Bucharest, or Peking. It is not dictatorships that this crowd objects to; it is dictatorships that dictate so feebly that they cannot control the oppressed masses. Since the truly tough-minded dictators on this planet, with few exceptions, are Communist and/or anti-American, and since Marcos qualifies on neither score, he is automatically suspect. Obviously it would be unwise for the President to go to the Philippines if there is rioting in the streets. Marcos must control his country to the extent required to ensure the President's safety

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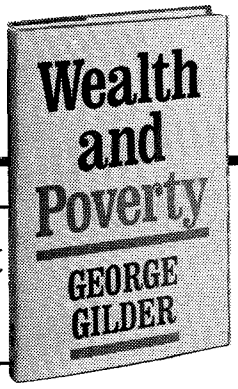

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"A creed for capitalism worthy of intelligent people . . . . at the core he provides, at least for this not totally disinterested reader, a sense that on crucial matters of human value, capitalism offers a system of economic arrangements more congenial than the alternatives, not simply because the alternatives are less pleasant, but because they are based on a mistaking of the conditions of human life . . . . an eloquent defense of the capitalist high ground and the human values that capitalists, despite their bad manners and admitted defects, managed to embody to the benefit of their fellows." — ***New York Times Book Review* (page one review)**

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Cresting with Mondale

When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the jam is in the jar,
Labor leaders will assemble
To anoint their eager star.
But while Fritz is on the platform
Boring everyone in sight,
Glenn will be a movie hero,
With the timing set just right.

W. H. VON DREELE

—and the fate of Benigno Aquino does not fuel optimism on this score. If the internal situation calls for the visit to be canceled, the least the United States could do is to use a tactful formula that would reaffirm our basic commitment to the Philippines and make clear that the visit will take place at a later date. On the other hand, if Marcos can demonstrate his capacity to govern the country without violent oppression, then the visit should proceed. Full speed ahead; the hypocrites be damned.

■ Poland announces that several billion dollars in American aid must be forthcoming at once if it is to feel somewhat less outraged about the U.S. trade embargo, unfairly imposed for no better reason than Poland's suppression of all human rights.

■ A friendly word to the folks in the Kremlin. Some more bad press is heading your way. Before the year is out the Italian court investigating the assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II will issue its findings. According to those familiar with it, the report will not strike a blow for détente. And this one can't be blamed on trigger-happy pilots.

■ Soviet trade agents are frenziedly buying foreign grain and other needed material. Obviously, the Kremlin is scared of a trade embargo, and is stocking up on items its war economy cannot produce, like food.

■ Has Poland been relegated to the back burner? Not by Ernest Lefever's Ethics and Public Policy Center, which will give the Shelby Cullom Davis Award to Lech Walesa (in absentia) at a gala dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on October 21. Attending the dinner will be Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, winner of the first Davis Award last year; Max Kampelman, the chief U.S. delegate to the Madrid Helsinki talks; former National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski; and Polish author Tymoteusz Karpowicz, who will accept the award for Walesa and read a message that Walesa has smuggled out of Poland. For more information write: The Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1030 15th Street, N.W., Suite 300, Washington, D.C. 20005. Act fast—the tickets are going like hotcakes.

■ LAW STUDENTS: Tired of shopworn liberal ideas on campus? The Federalist Society for Law and Public Policy Studies is a group of conservatively inclined law students, faculty, and lawyers challenging the orthodox liberal ideology that dominates the legal profession today. The society, with active chapters at Yale, Chicago, Harvard, Columbia, and some thirty other law schools, has just started a speakers' bureau designed to bring more conservative speakers to law-school campuses. For further information write: The Federalist Society, c/o Smiley, Olson & Gilman, 1815 H Street, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20006; or call 202-466-5100, ext. 44.

■ On December 8, James Burnham will receive the first Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters from the Rockford Institute of Rockford, Illinois. Jorge Luis Borges, the Argentine writer, will receive the first T. S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing. Both prizes, each for $15,000, are sponsored by the Ingersoll Foundation. The Rockford Institute deserves congratulations for the excellence of its judgment.

■ And if you have any doubts whatever about our modernity, consider that a witch—in Salem, Massachusetts, of all places—is suing a radio station for $25,000 for canceling her astrology program.

■ If Watt goes, will Gerry Studds also, uh, back out?

Flight 007—Repercussions

I. The UN

The now-famous contretemps started with a burst of local outrage. New Jersey's Governor Kean, a Republican, and New York's Governor Cuomo, a Democrat, announced in the wake of the Soviet attack on KAL Flight 007 that Kennedy and Newark Airports would not be available to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko when he flew in to lie to the General Assembly of the United Nations. There is an argument that state and local officials should never meddle in foreign policy for the sake of symbolic gestures. The governors' decision, however, was precisely not meddling: Gromyko could have landed just as easily at a military airfield.

The Soviets complained, which in these situations is pretty much pro forma. What they did not expect was Ambassador Charles Lichenstein's non-pro-forma response. Jeane Kirkpatrick's deputy noted that there was a "commodious, convenient" Air Force base in New Jersey that Gromyko's plane could use. "We

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won't even shoot it down if it strays from its designated path." If the members of the United Nations continued to feel that the United States was defaulting on its obligations as host, they could just—leave. "We will be at dockside, bidding you a fond farewell."

This good forensic work was almost wasted by a timid White House staff, which hastened to explain that no, no, Ambassador Lichenstein was not being serious. It required President Reagan to save the game by suggesting that maybe the UN could spend six months in New York, and six in Moscow. No more year-round high living for the ambassador from Kiribati.

Tin ears aside, the White House staff was of course right: The arguments for America's leaving the United Nations are no stronger now than they were the day before the attack on the airliner. We were calling a rhetorical bluff, not making one of our own. President Reagan, addressing the General Assembly—and Gromyko's empty chair—the week after, related KAL 007 to real policy.

Reviewing previous Soviet rebuffs in nuclear-arms talks, Reagan made new offers in the medium-range-missile negotiations. He announced America's willingness, under appropriate conditions, not to insist on counterbalancing the Soviet Union's worldwide SS-20 build-up with deployments solely in Europe; to consider including bombers as chips in the talks; to consider reducing the scheduled installation of Pershing IIs. The Pershings are the missiles that would give us the possibility of an intermediate response in the event of a Soviet conventional attack on Western Europe. By making our European deterrent more credible, they substantially diminish the potency of Soviet blackmail. They are, accordingly, the missiles the Soviets and their European hangers-on most fear. Reagan thus offered the Soviet Union a real benefit—a reduction in their numbers. A reduction, not an elimination.

He also established the context in which negotiations take place. The Soviets, he reminded his audience, are not scrupulous keepers of treaties. They have broken the human-rights provisions of Helsinki. They dump yellow rain on Laotians and Afghans in violation of the Biological Weapons Convention. Their compulsive secrecy frustrates the verification of any arms agreement, and Reagan mentioned evidence that they may be violating the ABM treaty. Finally, "The Korean airliner [is] a timely reminder of just how different the Soviets' concept of truth and international cooperation is from that of the rest of the world."

II. See You and Raise You

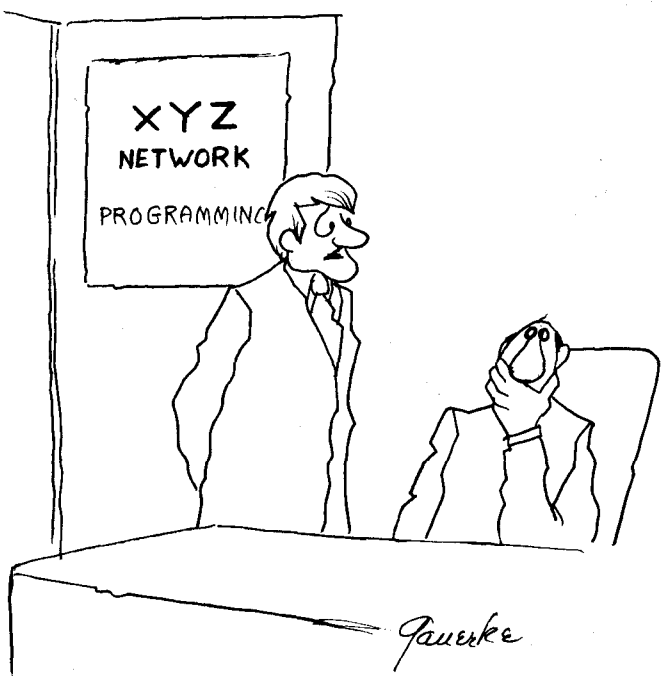
Reagan's speech touched on a significant strategic fact. The United States can always outbid the Soviet Union because, finally, it is not in the Soviets' interest to live in a non-nuclear world. What else, besides nuclear weapons, does Soviet power and prestige rest on? The economy is a shambles; Marxism is a weak and reeling faith. The Soviet Union has an immense army, but it is deployed along an enormous perimeter. Most of its neighbors are hostile; many of its satellites are sullen. The days when tractor factories, the subtleties of the dialectic, the élan of the Party, could win friends and influence peoples are gone. Soviet power depends on Soviet nuclear weapons. "World nuclear disarmament," as demographer Nick Eberstadt put it in a recent *New York Times* Op-Ed piece, would "relegate the Soviet Union to the status of a regional power."

So how can the Soviets respond—to this, or to even more drastic offers? Suppose Reagan proposes a world with one thousand nuclear bombs—or one hundred? What would Gromyko's empty chair have to say to that?

The Soviets have invested great efforts in a peace campaign designed to split the West, but also to secure their own status, shaken by Afghanistan and Poland, as our moral peers. The shooting of KAL 007 could flush four years' work down the drain. Reagan, and the entire Administration, must work in every possible forum to put them in the emotional and spiritual quarantine in which we can best deal with them.

Turf

The great debate on the War Powers Act that occupied so much of Washington's working time in September is now over, at least for the time being. The



"We were always accused of borrowing other networks' successes, but now we're ripping off their failures."

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mysterious and marvelous machinery of American democracy has achieved what it achieves best—a compromise so carefully crafted that no one is happy and nothing is finally accomplished.

In the beginning, the Administration was insistent that the War Powers Act did not apply to Lebanon. It ended up grudgingly accepting the hypothesis that the act did apply—while officially denying that it did—in order to make sure that Congress did not use the act irresponsibly. Congress, for its part, set out to ensure that its voice be heard, and its counsel solicited, on an issue of importance. It ended up focusing so narrowly on procedure and tactics that serious debate about U.S. policy in Lebanon was all but totally avoided, and the wisdom of Congress lost to posterity. In the end, the carnival amounted to no more than one huge huffy-puffy debate over *turf*—and Congress, having decreed on a technicality that the turf was its own, proceeded to turn it over to the President, who claimed never to have given it up.

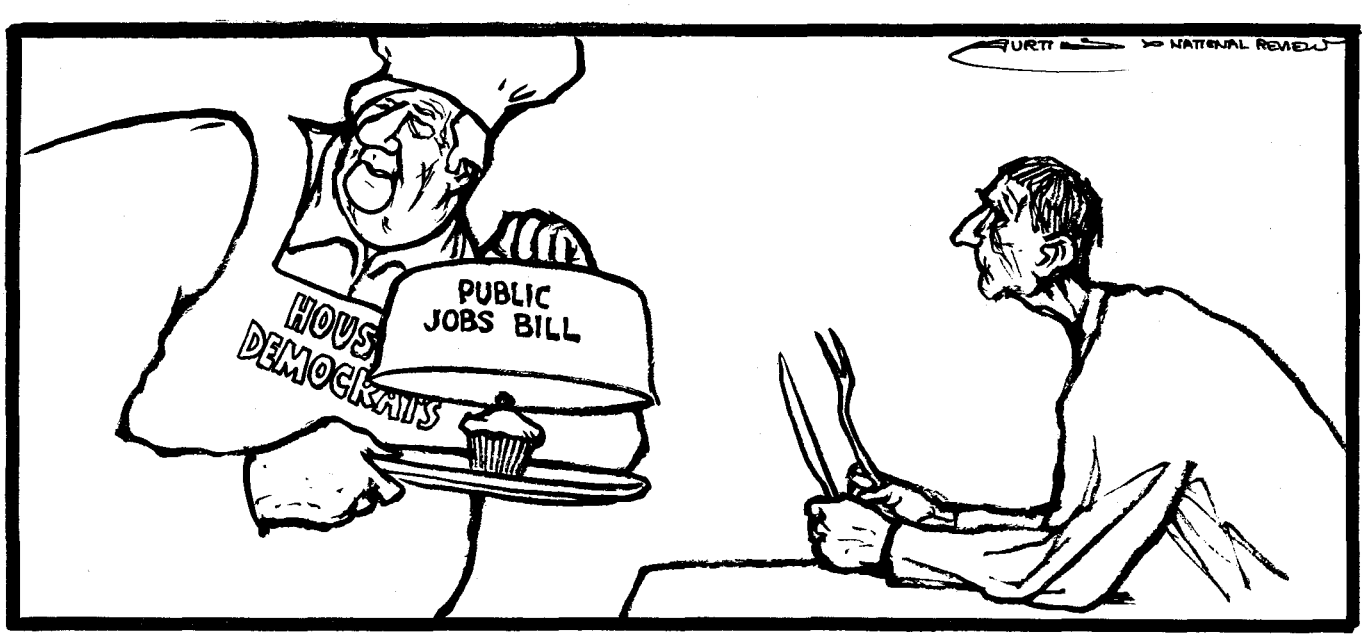
Silly as all this may seem, it may yet prove to be of considerable significance. For one thing, Congress authorized the presence of U.S. troops in Lebanon for only 18 months. By accepting this restriction, the President risks having to fight the War Powers battle all over again in 1985. Eighteen months may seem an eternity when it is the period containing an American presidential race, but measured against the millennia-long wretched history of Lebanon, it is only a moment, and the troops are likely to be there a year and a half hence. Moreover, by tacitly accepting the applicability of the War Powers Act, the President undercuts any further court challenge that he or a successor may want to make. The act will be harder to buck in the future.

This said, it is nonetheless understandable why the Administration shrinks from a court challenge. At the present time there is far from sufficient sentiment in Congress to force the Marines home. Challenging the War Powers Act on constitutional grounds, however, would rile the turf-conscious Senate and rankle the trendy House. The margin of support for keeping the Marines in Lebanon would decline, and our whole foreign policy be laid open to the caprice of the appellate process.

Blue-Colored Glasses

The Hudson Institute recently looked at 63 school books—history, economics, civics, and geography—to see how the future was being taught. The final report ("The Treatment of Limits-to-Growth Issues in U.S. High School Textbooks") concludes: pretty badly. The textbooks paint a picture that is almost unremittingly bleak, and straight out of the Club of Rome. In their vision of the future and of the present trends that will shape it, the globe groans under overpopulation. Starvation is pervasive, and worsening; a common assertion is that two-thirds of the world's people "go to bed hungry." We are running out of energy, choking from pollution, and short on resources, a noun always preceded by the adjective "dwindling." Between rich nations and poor lies an unbridged and widening chasm.

The texts under study create these impressions by means of outdated figures, sloppy writing, misinformation, and internal contradictions. Bogus woes are contrasted with imaginary golden ages. "Repeatedly, students are led to believe that cities were less polluted, water supply safer, and hazards from toxic materials unknown in earlier generations." The political moral is implicitly *dirigiste*. "For all the prating about what *you* can do, there is an under-theme of yearning for someone up there to 'decide.'" The psychological effects may be surprising. "Students know how they are



"Let him eat cake!"

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U.S. Says Japanese Bomb Pearl Harbor

(Special to the Washington Post)

WASHINGTON, DEC. 7—The White House alleged this afternoon that Japanese aircraft bombed Pearl Harbor and other military installations in the Hawaiian Islands. The raid reportedly began at 7:55 A.M. local time. Tokyo radio has not acknowledged the attack. As communications with Honolulu have been mysteriously interrupted, independent confirmation is also lacking.

There is due cause for skepticism, since Japanese representatives have been engaged in delicate negotiations with the United States for several weeks. It would appear unlikely that any nation would launch unprovoked aggression against the very country with which it seeks diplomatic accord. The most recent statements of special envoy Kurusu and Ambassador Nomura clearly indicate that Japan's desire for peace remains paramount.

Diplomatic considerations aside, there remains the very real possibility that American naval units interfered with the Japanese fleet. It is well known that Japan regards waters patrolled by the Imperial Navy as inviolate and responds forcefully to any intrusions. This is not to imply that American units fired the first shots. However, until further details are available, this explanation cannot be discounted.

A White House spokesman stated that President Roosevelt has begun to prepare an address to be delivered to a joint session of Congress. At this time the nature of the President's speech is unclear. Presumably he will further clarify today's events and request an international investigation of the incident.

Meanwhile, there is a strong feeling in the Washington diplomatic community that, given the gravity of the ongoing discussions with Japan, any saber-rattling by the President would be most inappropriate. "Until all of the facts have been sorted out," said one senior diplomat, "gestures of hostility on the part of the United States would appear precipitate. Certainly every effort must be made to reassure Japan that its place in the community of nations remains secure. With this intention firmly in mind, the United States must forsake all bellicose options and demonstrate its commitment to peace." —GEORGE BROMLEY

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supposed to feel about the entwined lives of 'us' and 'them' . . . but most students seem sure to conclude that 'they' are a threat to 'us.' "

"The student exposed to these textbooks," the report concludes, "will never encounter anything but the emptiest platitudes offering hope for the global future. This student will not have been encouraged to take pride in the accomplishments of industrial societies. He or she will not have been taught to draw reassurance from the 'problem-solving' capabilities in our complex social, economic, and technological structure. On the contrary, a typical student will repeatedly be told that this machinery is the source of the nation's and the world's ills." Poor training, one would think, for solving the problems that do face us and cultivating the fruits we might enjoy.

Have You Heard The One about the . . .

Here is what James Watt said of the five-member commission he had appointed to review his program of leasing coal rights on federal land. "We have every kind of mix you can have. I have a black, I have a woman, two Jews, and a cripple. And we have talent." All he didn't have was a Beach Boy.

If humbug were coal, Watt could have scrapped the whole project. "I don't think race, sex, religious affiliation, or physical disabilities are funny," frothed one *enragé*. But of course they are. Every human society has found them funny. Every member of this society has told a joke on such a subject, except the most disembodied saints of liberalism—and they probably told Polack jokes until Solidarity came along. We try, if we are sensitive, to pick our occasions courteously, but the censors want to deny the very existence of the impulse. The imprecations against Watt suggest a deep repression, akin to the official Victorian attitudes concerning sex.

What none of the puffed toads has so far noticed is that Watt's joke was about affirmative action, not race, religion, or disability. The political establishment has supplied plenty of material over the last dozen years. Racial job quotas were first tried under a Republican Administration; they are now supported by all the leading Democratic presidential candidates. Ronald Reagan, campaigning in the teeth of feminist opposition, promised to appoint a woman to the Supreme Court's first vacancy, and duly did so (she turns out to be a good judge, but that, to the number crunchers, is an irrelevancy). Public schools must have appropriate racial mixes, achieved by busing; private schools that do not follow suit are accused of "hate," which, when they receive the tax exemptions they are due, becomes "subsidized hate." It is liberalism that takes obsessive note of sex organs and skin pigments. Watt, poor dummy, only joked about the results.

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The fact remains that Watt is a dummy. There are ways to make arguments, and not to make them; jokes that public figures may tell, and jokes they should avoid. The purpose of politics is not to get laughs, but to get even. If Watt has not learned the rudimentary social hypocrisies in more than two and a half years, he is not likely to do so. He may be a better man than we are, but he is a man in the wrong town. There are surely other potential Secretaries of the Interior who share his judgments on the sensible use of our resources. Watt should step aside.

ABC-TV II

Okay, fun is fun. In its last issue, *NR* published an editorial in the ironic mode "complimenting" ABC-TV on its forthcoming movie *The Day After*, a $7-million nuclear horror show that will be broadcast on November 20. *The Day After* depicts the nuking of Lawrence, Kansas. You see people being vaporized right before your eyes; people burned, their hair falling out; you even see blackened farmland, courtesy of water-wagons filled with vegetable dye.

In a valid way, this film *could* be interpreted as a strong statement in favor of nuclear deterrence, reminding us that we do not want to see Lawrence, Kansas, nuked, and also reminding us that the best way to prevent that from happening is to make it prohibitively costly to do so. In our editorial, we pretended, playfully, that such was the obvious motive of ABC-TV in making the film.

But, of course, no one believes that for a minute. The date of the broadcast, November 20, immediately precedes the scheduled deployment of the U.S. Pershing missiles in Europe. Peace groups both here and in Europe have been cranking up for six months to make a final convulsive effort to prevent that deployment. *The Day After*, to be shown in prime time, is simply ABC's contribution to this political effort.

As the *New York Post* asked editorially, "Why is ABC doing Yuri Andropov's job?" It is a pertinent question.

A principal goal of Soviet policy over the past two years has been to prevent deployment of the Pershing missiles, and thus freeze the nuclear situation into one of Soviet regional superiority. ABC has now spent $7 million on a film that reinforces this Soviet political goal and helps to generate an ignorant public hysteria at a time when calm resolution to preserve a credible deterrent is called for.

The Day After does not come as a surprise. Its director, Nicholas Meyer, calls it "the most worthwhile thing I have done with my life"—that is, trying to save the world—and this, from the director of *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, possesses a certain truth and poignancy. But *The Day After*, alas poor Meyer, is merely junk thought like the rest and, unlike it, is pernicious in its attempted effect.

It also comes as no surprise that ABC, despite an expensive promotional campaign, has been running into a lot of resistance from prospective advertisers. This filmed emanation of the radical-chic set is bound, because the propagandistic content is so blatant, to enrage much of Middle America. As of late September, not one of the 25 advertising slots on the two-hour prime-time show has been sold.

ABC-TV richly deserves a disaster in this enterprise. According to the network, the film will be shown even if no advertisers sign up. That is, ABC is prepared to make a $7-million contribution to the faltering Soviet campaign against the deployment of the Pershing II.

Oil Jitters

The French, who hate to show their cards,
Have sold five Super-Etendards
To Iraq, wrapping up with same
Some Exocets of Falklands fame.
The French believe the bigger bangs
Will pull the Ayatollah's fangs,
But dingbats I have known prefer
To thumb a nose at *force majeure*.

W. H. VON DREELE

Of Pigs and Piranhas

Last December the *Washington Post* hit the streets with another of its hard-hitting exposés. In a series of articles that began December 15, the *Post* disclosed that the Reagan Administration had appointed a bunch of high-livers to the board of the Legal Services Corporation (LSC); the Reagan appointees were billing for fees that were, according to the *Post*, "at least twice as large as those paid to any previous board in the program's history."

The *Post*'s bloodhounds had scored again. The Reagan Administration, enemy of the poor in general and of legal services for the poor in particular, was allowing its own to get rich in the war on the poor. The series caused a sensation, and the sensation couldn't have been more neatly timed, coming just as a House Judiciary subcommittee was holding oversight hearings on the LSC. An outraged Representative M. Caldwell Butler, a member of the Judiciary subcommittee, resorted to the pig metaphor: "It sounds to me like the first thing [the Reagan appointees] did was put all four feet and a snout in the trough." The *New York Times* threw in its own two oinks with an editorial accusing the Reagan appointees of "feeding on the poor." The stage was now set for the friends of the poor to make their move.

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Senators Lowell Weicker and Ted Kennedy introduced a continuing resolution the effect of which was to freeze all LSC contracts for two years, thereby placing the LSC beyond the reach of Reagan's reformers. The Weicker-Kennedy resolution had two things going for it: the furor created by the series in the *Post* and the pre-adjournment frenzy of the 97th Congress. In their rush to flee Washington, members of Congress were disinclined to examine whether the LSC was providing legal services for the poor or for the Left. What mattered was getting out of town, and the continuing resolution breezed through. But Weicker and Kennedy weren't satisfied with having beaten the Administration; they wanted to embarrass it. They demanded a full investigation by the General Accounting Office (GAO) into the charges leveled by the *Post*.

After eight months of investigation, the GAO recently issued its report. Those who read James J. Kilpatrick's article on the LSC ("Anatomy of a Smear," *NR*, March 4, 1983) won't be surprised. It was indeed true, the GAO said, that the Reagan appointees to the LSC were paid more in per-diem consulting fees than their predecessors, but the Reagan appointees met many times more than their predecessors—the Reagan board met 27 times in 1982; the Carter board met 12 times in 1981.

Getting down to particulars, the GAO report indicated that some Reagan appointees actually undercharged the government. William F. Harvey, a professor at the Indiana University School of Law, selected by Reagan to serve as chairman of the LSC, didn't charge the government for 457 hours he spent on LSC business, thereby saving the government $13,460. William J. Olson, another Reagan appointee, didn't charge the government for 12 days he devoted to the LSC. While the GAO report recommended some tightening of the LSC's internal budgetary controls, the report exonerated the Reagan appointees of any wrongdoing. Rather than "feeding on the poor," the Reagan appointees—all of whom have now left the LSC—were themselves fed on, by the press and by members of Congress.

Australia's Cup

For long minute after long minute on that final leg of the course, the two 12-meter yachts seemed motionless in the light breeze, images frozen in marble on Keats's Grecian urn, red hull and white hull, pastel sails and red-white-and-blue. The very stillness of the yachts made the tension breath-halting. Our *Liberty* made a perfect start, crossed the line in the lead, and then opened the lead further. Late in the race *Australia II* shaved that lead second by second, and shortly before the final run for the finish line opened up a lead of her own. It slowly became clear that the challenger would take the Cup away from the United States, for the first time in 132 years. But *Liberty*, under Dennis Conner, put up a magnificent fight on that final leg, closing . . . closing . . . but, in the end, not fast enough.

It is a characteristic irony of sports that Mr. Conner, certainly one of the greatest yacht racers, will go into the record books as the man who lost the Cup. He did all, and one is tempted to say more than all, that a sailor could do, even building up a 3 to 1 lead over the faster boat.

But the Australian captain, John Bertrand, deserves to go into the record books not only for the victory but for steady nerves. Behind 3 to 1, he needed to win three races in a row, and he did. The Australian victory was thus a victory of steady nerves, persistence, and innovation.

Which leads us to observe that something important seems to be taking place down under. The Australians have been producing first-rate films, like *Breaker Morant*; poets, novelists, and, as a matter of fact, eminent newspaper publishers, for instance, Rupert Murdoch, who now publishes the *New York Post* and the London *Times*, and insouciantly loses money on both.

See you, and the trophy, in Perth next time. And by the way, we shall return it. Australia provided temporary shelter for General MacArthur too, you recall.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I am terribly perplexed about this letter from Mr. Olson at Hertz . . .

Mr. Art Buchwald
1750 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Suite 1311
Washington, D.C. 20006

Dear Mr. Buchwald:

You can now have a Hertz Lincoln Town Car or other fine rental automobile waiting for you the next time your corporate aircraft lands at almost any Butler Aviation location in the country.

So now you can continue to travel first class even after you land.

Butler Aviation is the largest purveyor of business and general aviation aircraft services. And they're at six of the ten busiest airports in the nation.

Just let us know when and where you want the car. If it's a Hertz Lincoln Town Car, it will come complete with every convenience from cruise control, six-way pow-

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er driver's seat, and four-speaker Premium Sound stereo . . . to power windows, adjustable steering wheel, and automatic climate control.

To reserve your Hertz car at a Butler location, call Hertz Butler Valet Service toll-free at 1-800-654-2270. Or have your pilot reserve it through Unicom.

To preview your Hertz Lincoln, see the enclosed brochure.

Sincerely,
Frank A. Olson
Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
The Hertz Corporation

P.S.: Whenever possible, your Hertz Lincoln will meet your plane right on the field.

. . . You see, Bill, I don't have a corporate airplane and I'm afraid if they find out they will take my five-star card with the 20 per cent discount away from me.

I know you have a limousine. At least you say you do in *Overdrive*. Is it possible you also have a private airplane? Possibly NATIONAL REVIEW owns one which you use. The toughest part of this letter is the P.S., where it says, "Whenever possible, your Hertz Lincoln will meet your plane right on the field." Since I travel mostly by Piedmont I wonder if they might do the same for me.

Hope to see you sometime in the lobby of Butler Aviation. Maybe we could have a glass of Dom Pérignon together with Olson.

Cheers,
Art

Dear Art:

I would like very much to dally with you in the lobby of Butler Aviation but, you see, Hertz furnishes me with a helicopter that meets my private plane, and it therefore becomes impossible for me to take time to go into Butler Aviation. This is a special service Hertz gives to, well, special people. I have nominated you for this service, and Hertz is looking for a seconder, and I am sure that in due course they'll come up with somebody. Then we could have the champagne on those days we bump into each other on our way to our helicopters. Wouldn't that be fun!

Warmest regards,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have read again and again about the smearing-ink syndrome that allegedly afflicts NATIONAL REVIEW. I am distressed that you are stumped and believe I have the explanation.

Dry-skin-type people (with reasonably clean hands) will experience no smear problems. But those with oily skin and fingers will streak the print like crazy. Try it. We are not talking about water. If you find the magazine does not smear, wipe your fingers on your greasy forehead, rub your fingers across a column of print—voilà!

Sincerely yours,
James S. McDonald
Coral Gables, Fla.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I don't like it either, but because I have a bad habit of enjoying tea and scones with my NATIONAL REVIEW, I have done some research. It's *not* water, tea, or lemon juice (or even rum) which blurs the *NR* print so disgustingly, it's *buttery fingers*!

I suggest your readers wash their hands very carefully to avoid this problem. You have to be *pure* to partake of such fare.

Sincerely,
Dorothy D. Randall
Natick, Mass.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since I fold your magazine inside out while I am reading it, my complaint concerns the ink on the inside of your magazine. It not only smudges my fingers, but the smeared print is then difficult to read.

You asked Mr. Pate ["Notes & Asides," March 18] if he had tried waiting one day, so I turned to the March 4 issue, which I had not finished reading: ". . . on whose subsoil the geological gods smiled during the Pleistocene Age . . ."—"OPEC: 1973-1982" ("On the Right").

"The Lord our God, the Lord is one"—Deuteronomy 6:4B (NIV); "For by him all things were created" —Colossians 1:16A (NIV). Shame on you, Mr. Buckley!

The ink still smeared.

So I tried again, this time the June 11, 1982 issue. The ink still smeared. Would you suggest perhaps that I try waiting one more year?

Yours truly,
Lowell Ray Anderson
Cody, Wyo.

P.S.: With respect to smudging ink, NATIONAL REVIEW is the worst and *Scientific American* runs it a close second. Of all of the magazines which I read these two stand out as having this problem. Two magazines which do not have the problem are *Smithsonian* and *Popular Science*. What do they do that you don't? Or vice versa.

P.P.S.: As I recall, this problem was prominent about ten or so years ago when there was the big push to change to biodegradable inks, and over the years since then the problem has become less and less.

Dear Mr. Anderson: So help us, it hurts us-all more even than you. We are demanding an explanation of the printer, and will report presently. Cordially,

—WFB

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Escalation In Lebanon

INCREASINGLY, President Reagan is preoccupied with Lebanon—the presence of 1,200 Marines there, and the escalating U.S./Syrian confrontation, made the more serious and refractory of late by the U.S. naval bombardment of Syrian artillery positions. Besides the obvious question of whether Mr. Reagan can persuade the American people that our national security justifies the growing costs of our Marines in Lebanon, there is the matter of where this military intensification is leading the President geo-strategically and politically.

What are our options in Lebanon? First, cut and run. The White House has rejected this because we are committed to the Multinational Peacekeeping Force along with our allies, the British, the Italians, and the French. The British and the Italians, says U.S. negotiator Morris Draper, are eager to do anything that America asks; France, on the other hand, is a kind of odd card in the mix. This stems largely from her support of Iraq (see also "Abroad," p. 1285) and convoluted ethnic reasons deriving therefrom. So she takes a dim view of the U.S. shelling of the Syrians. Were the United States to bug out, not only would our superpower prestige be turned on its head, but the constitutionally established government of Amin Gemayel would collapse, anarchy prevail, and Syria very probably dictate the terms of "peace."

Facing Realities

So President Amin Gemayel of Lebanon must be propped up. The White House planners, however, believe that, in return for our help, Gemayel must put into effect a national reconciliation plan which means, mostly, that representatives of the Shiite population will be brought into his government. The reality of the Lebanon situation is that almost one million Shiites make up more than one third of the population, with the number of Sunni Muslims and Christians decreasing. Without some positions of power, the White House believes, the Shiites cannot be expected to be amenable to Gemayel's Christian Phalangist regime. "The United States has to be careful not to side with what is a minority power against the majority of the population," stressed a White House aide. So, in a word, the Reagan Administration will try to impress upon Gemayel his mission of national reconciliation and make that a condition of continued U.S. support.

Despite current hostilities, the White House is also bent on improving diplomatic dialogue with Damascus. Which raises the matter of what President Hafez Assad gets out of his Lebanon penetration. Damascus sees itself as having a regional role, one that is justified, in a sense, by both geography and long tradition. Besides being the biggest country around, Syria has had a history of sound ties with Lebanon and (generally) Jordan. Syrians are not Communists (even though they will take everything the Soviets hand out).

If we continue to bombard Syrian positions, will this turn the Islamic world against the U.S.? Or, to put it in Byzantine language: Are the Russians inflaming the Syrians, to abet the Druse, to shell the Marines, to provoke U.S. counter-shelling, to galvanize Arabs against Americans, and, in so doing, divert world notice from KAL 007 and produce a card for the Soviets against the Pershings? Administration opinion is divided on this, but the consensus seems to be no to both assumptions. The Arab world really wouldn't mind seeing Assad get his nose bloodied, since it is tired of his lecturing them on how he is the only Arab who stands up to imperialist pressure. "He is preaching Arab nationalism," notes a Reagan aide, "not only to externs but to the rest of the Arab world population, and they don't like to listen to his sermons."

Will the bombardment of Syrian positions cause a superpower confrontation and World War III? Negative, thinks the NSC. The Russians have a bilateral agreement with Assad, which obligates them to defend Syria proper, an agreement that they have honored, beyond the call of duty, as witness that they have put a fence around Syria and have mended it as often as it has been penetrated by the Israelis. But the Soviets are not interested in going to war with the United States over Lebanon, which they consider a tense and volatile area, rooted in perpetual civil strife. The Russians, you may recall, urged Assad not to go into Lebanon in the first place in 1976. So while the Soviets want to keep the flame lit, they don't want to feel its heat.

Why Are We There?

As for the future of a peace plan drawn up by Saudi Arabia, many Reaganites have grown disillusioned with the Saudis in their role of negotiators. "The Saudis seem less and less important in all of this," says a Washington Arabist and a Reagan backer. "Who are the Saudis? A few million people with lots of money. But money doesn't give you influence. Influence comes from being able to project power into a situation. That's what Assad does. The Saudis seem unfit constitutionally to do this."

From a geo-strategic point of view, the Reagan rationale for being in Lebanon—to buy time for Gemayel until he can a) engage the Shiites in power sharing, b) rid the nation of outside forces, and c) restore order—is not only defensible but even plausible. The other part of the problem is the rub: domestic U.S. politics. The President has failed to resolve the problem of public opinion. The American people feel (correctly) that Mr. Reagan has not yet made it plain enough why our national interest demands the expenditure of American lives to prevent the de facto partition of distant Lebanon from becoming de jure.

Political strategists close to the President are telling him, correctly, I believe, that Lebanon may well emerge as more consequential to his presidential campaign than the gender or minority gaps, Central America, or anything else. An up-to-the-hilt congressional involvement in Lebanon is probably the best way for the Commander-in-Chief to go. □

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POLITICAL ECONOMY

Loony Lending

TOM BETHELL

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY Fund, which held its annual meeting in Washington last week, is one of those bureaucracies whose institutional purposes were overtaken by the very events that they were supposed to be controlling. But instead of going out of business, the IMF rewrote its charter, and today it's a mess. It has been seeking to expand its pool of lendable funds by tapping into the U.S. Treasury, and, as a result, it is justifiably under fire from a Left/Right coalition of populists, including Ralph Nader and Howard Phillips. At the same time, the organization is supported by consensus-minded centrists, by international bankers, and by those who believe the U.S. should continue to underwrite Third World experiments in socialism.

Like the United Nations with which it is affiliated, the IMF was set up at the end of World War II, a time when certain intellectuals had exceptional influence in the political arena. The prevailing wisdom of the time was that because world problems were national in origin, they would need constant supervision by supra-national organizations. National governments had *caused* the problems (war, deflation, etc.), so obviously they could not solve them. The international institutions would work wonderfully because they would be staffed by experts who would plan the future. If an international problem arose, why, there would be a conference to deal with it. There would be an exchange of views, and differences of opinion would melt away once exposed to friendly "dialogue."

Between 1945 and 1971 the main purpose of the IMF was to help stabilize international exchange rates. The dollar would be fixed in relation to gold (at $35 an ounce), while other currencies would be tethered to the dollar. As Keynes had recognized, there would inevitably be trade imbalances. One year, for example, a certain country might have quite a trade deficit. As a result it would be under pressure to devalue its currency. And when one country devalued, others sometimes responded with competitive devaluations. The IMF "pool" of currencies, the Fund itself, was established to prevent this disorderliness. The country experiencing the pressure to devaluate could avail itself of "special drawing rights" to tide it over until equilibrium was restored. The following year, no doubt, another country would experience the same difficulty, and would likewise be eligible for the IMF care package.

Notice the assumption underlying this: There are not likely to be *systematic* differences of economic performance between countries. One year a socialist nation in Africa or in Europe may need a little something to keep it going; next year a capitalist country in Europe will no doubt need help. In the long run, everything will tend to average out. One reason for this ecumenism is that an international institution like the IMF is perforce guided by a philosophy that is little more than the lowest common denominator of the political philosophies of its member nations. Certainly there were no presumptions against socialism at the end of World War II. In fact, at the time it was believed that socialism would soon far outstrip capitalism, because it was planned and scientific.

BY THE 1970s, however, it had become clear to most people with even a mild interest in economics that socialism doesn't really work at all. On the contrary, countries are economically successful to the extent that they are capitalist. Also in the 1970s, the dollar's fixed relationship to gold broke down and so did the entire system of fixed exchange rates. (The U.S. had allowed the dollar to erode in value for two decades, until an ounce of Treasury gold was conspicuously more appealing to foreign central bankers than 35 paper dollars. The IMF had been powerless to prevent this dereliction by the U.S.)

Thereupon the IMF's pool of currencies, no longer needed to maintain fixed exchange rates, became available for lending to countries. Recently it has been increasingly used to help improvident nations pay back the interest on loony loans made by the big international banks. Characteristically, the bankers who have made these loans have shared the consensus that there are no systematic differences, in terms of performance, between one economic system and another.

When the IMF makes loans, it does impose certain "conditions." These seem to point to a vaguely hydraulic world view, and one that is designed to give minimum offense—to the Left in particular. Trade and budgets should be balanced; "pressure" on one side of the ledger should be offset by a countervailing pressure on the other.

"Does it make any difference whether budgets are balanced by cutting spending or raising taxes?" I asked the IMF information officer.

"That's a national political decision," he said. "How the government does it is its own affair."

I raised the problem of very high tax rates in many Third World countries.

"What is too high?" he asked.

"What about property rights?" I further inquired. "Do you insist that they be respected?"

"No," he said.

I gather that the Latin American countries alone are in debt to the tune of $300 billion or more. These countries are not going to recover sufficiently to repay such a sum until they learn to respect property rights. The trend, in fact, is against property; in Mexico, in El Salvador (with the formal assistance of the U.S. government), and of course in Nicaragua. High tax rates are also an indirect attack on property rights.

Jude Wanniski of Polyconomics says that the guiding principle of the IMF today is that "debts must be repaid." He sees it as the handmaiden of the international banks. And no doubt it is that. Another way of putting it is to say that the IMF would like the game of International Commerce to continue indefinitely under the ecumenical rules established at the end of World War II. Maybe it will last a little while longer, with new debt servicing old, but not much longer. Ultimately the IMF is doomed, whether or not it gets a few extra billions this year from the U.S. Treasury, because it has either failed to grasp, or it dare not acknowledge, that capitalism and socialism are not equally effective methods of economic growth. □

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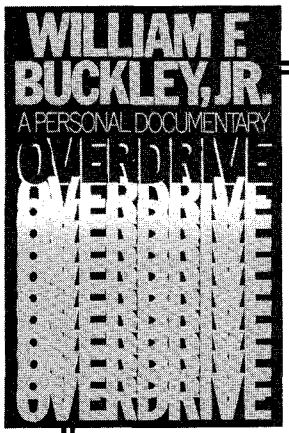

"His zest for words, his obvious devotion to his craft, and perhaps even his quiet assumption that we do care about his thoughts and his deeds win me over. . . . I sit with Buckley's book on my lap, and feel I am listening to half a conversation, as Buckley follows up train after train of thought. Most of what he has to say is fascinating; once in a while it is memorable."

—Pamela Marsh
Christian Science Monitor

"*Overdrive* is a record and celebration of connection, of how association (memories, locales, daily working intercourse, surprise pleasure) improves the soul and perhaps the cause of civilization, and bestows grace on all and sundry, by no means least of all William F. Buckley, Jr."

—Eliot Fremont-Smith
Village Voice

". . . you'll enjoy the wit and anecdotes, the literary and political gossip. And the man really can turn a phrase."

—James K. Glassman
USA Today

"As always, Buckley writes with verve and wit, and whether or not one subscribes to his particular political philosophies it is easy to get drawn into his narrative."

—Scott Wright
Library Journal

"Few indeed are the authors who could bring off such an enterprise as this. . . . The explanation for which isn't simply that WFB does interesting things; it is that he himself is so interesting: so knowledgeable, so facile of movement, so catholic of appetite. And, with it all, so—I don't know how else to put this—genuinely nice."

—William Murchison
Dallas Morning News

"As a political essayist . . . [Buckley] has few peers, and after an immersion in his seductive lucidity, all but the most committed may find themselves wondering if their liberal principles are perhaps a bit tacky."

—Cosmopolitan

"Buckley's new book [is called] *Overdrive*, a journal of a few days in his ridiculously over-achieving life. Buckley luxuriates in his amenities a bit too much, and one hears in his prose the happy sigh of a man sinking into a hot bath. So his enemies try to dismiss him as Marie Antoinette in a pimpmobile. They portray him as, among other things, a terrible, terminal snob. To make the accusation is to misunderstand both William F. Buckley, Jr. and the nature of snobbery. Buckley is an expansive character who is almost indiscriminately democratic in the range of his friends and interests. He glows with intimidating self-assurance. Buckley's new book is a funny and charming exercise."

—Lance Morrow
Time

OVERDRIVE

A PERSONAL DOCUMENTARY BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

A Literary Guild Alternate Selection **DOUBLEDAY**

Portions of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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Getting It Right

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

ALMOST EVERYTHING that could be said about the shooting down of that Korean civilian airliner by the Soviets must have been said by now. Tragic news from the Soviet bloc can, however, be good news politically, to the extent that it contributes to public enlightenment and removes the scales from excessively liberal eyes. Can something be all bad that prompts a critical remark about the Soviet Union from Senator Edward Kennedy?

Certainly the airliner incident has rekindled the old debate on how to deal with a regime that would cold-bloodedly murder 269 people—a debate that lies at the core of the concerns of this column.

During the summer lull I found myself reading various statements that tend to drive one to intellectual despair. Let me commend two of them to the attention of American readers. One was the 1983 Alastair Buchan Memorial Lecture, delivered this year by Britain's former foreign secretary, Lord Carrington, and published in full in the July-August issue of *Survival*, the journal of the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies, of which Buchan was the founding director.

The other was an interview with the present French external relations minister, Claude Cheysson, that appeared in the Paris quarterly *Politique Internationale*. Together, they constitute an almost perfect compendium of the prevailing attitudes that impede the emergence of a viable foreign policy for the Western Alliance.

Say What You Think

Here is a selection of quotes from Lord Carrington:

► "We must have the patience to dissuade the Russians from their antiquated habits of over-insurance [in respect of armaments]."

► "The notion that we should face the Russians down in a silent war of nerves, broken only by bursts of megaphone diplomacy, is based on a misconception of our own values, of Soviet behavior, and of the anxious aspirations of our own peoples."

► "The democracies have a duty to themselves, to the wider world, and indeed to the Soviet Union itself, to be true to their own first principles. These principles are dialogue, openness, sanity, and a non-ideological approach to the dangerous business of international affairs."

► "One of the advantages of talking to people is that you can say clearly and directly, and in private if that is likely to be more effective, exactly what you think. You could, for example, begin telling the Russians that Afghanistan and Cambodia are intolerable, and will remain so; that they are making a mess of Poland; that we shall counter resolutely attempts to inflame problems for the West in the Third World; and that we shall not be cowed by the SS-20s in Europe."

► "Indiscriminate sanctions against the Soviet Union are neither feasible nor desirable. If they did not work against [Ian] Smith in Rhodesia, they are unlikely to bring down the Soviet empire"

To which I offer some comments:

To the Western democracies, the rapid growth in Soviet armaments may make little sense, but could anything be more logically consistent for a state, the only justification of which is Leninism? It is all very well to say that the West should not be ideological in its approach, but the trouble is that we are dealing with a regime whose approach cannot be anything but ideological (not through belief any more, but because the men in the Kremlin see no other way of staying in power).

Andropov's predecessor, Brezhnev, showed what he thought of the EEC's plan for peace in Afghanistan by snubbing Lord Carrington when he went to Moscow to present it in June 1981. Solutions imposed by force are demonstrably tolerable to the Soviet leaders, whatever we may choose to say to them.

I don't know what is meant by resolutely countering attempts to inflame problems for the West in the Third World. In cold fact, the West stood idly by while the Soviets imposed their will on many places besides Afghanistan. Now that the United States is doing something about Central America, European leaders could well do something to help.

As for sanctions, the point is missed. Clearly, sanctions will not bring down the Soviet empire. That is not the issue. The key question is whether the West should continue to transfer high technology to the USSR, thus prolonging the life of the regime by making up one of its major deficiencies and strengthening it militarily against ourselves.

What Successes?

The Cheysson interview is almost perversely irritating, especially on Central America. Here are some choice samples:

► Responding to questions about "Soviet expansionism," Cheysson dismissed any notion of Soviet "successes" in the Third World: "I am still waiting for news of any developing countries in which Moscow might have been successful in a development policy. There have been, it is true, grave exceptions, like the inadmissible entry of Soviet troops into Afghanistan. But can one consider this occupation—unacceptable, I repeat—an achievement to be marked up as a 'success?' "

► About Angola: "Nobody can deny that the Cubans have aided the Angola regime to defend itself against foreign invasions. But the Angolans themselves declare that the day they are no longer physically bombarded, occupied, or threatened, they will ask the Cubans to leave; and we have no reason to think that the latter would refuse to leave, quite the contrary. What, then, will remain of Soviet expansionism?"

► To a question whether the domino theory could be applicable to Central America: "This famous theory was imagined at the time of the Indochina wars. It showed itself to be so absurd that I am surprised to see this expression re-emerging."

One's breath is taken away. Who said anything about "successes?" We are talking about expansionism. Anybody who thinks (as Andrew Young used to, remember?) that the Cubans are in Angola for defensive purposes must have a short memory or poor judgment. As for the domino theory, so "absurd" was it that the Laotian and Cambodian dominoes fell pretty fast after the Paris Agreements of 1971. With friends like these, America should try looking for true enemies. □

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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley has been writing a series of spy thrillers that have become bestsellers. Small wonder: they really are fascinating books. They chronicle the daring, brash (and *brainy*, of course!) adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent. One of his best and most intriguing assignments occurred in *Stained Glass*, a book now rather hard to come by.

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A REBUTTAL

WAS THE FIX IN BETWEEN FORD AND NIXON?

ROBERT McCLORY

SEYMOUR HERSH'S article, "The Pardon," in the August *Atlantic*, presents a dramatic tale of illegal activity and political intrigue behind the decision of former President Gerald R. Ford to grant a full pardon to Richard Nixon.

Hersh's story hinges on dozens of questionable assertions, unidentified sources, clandestine conversations, and unsupported allegations by some of Ford's bitterest political enemies. It is more suitable as the scenario for a Hollywood thriller than as an informed account of what actually happened. Hersh tried to make the case that a top-level "deal" was struck whereby Nixon would resign the Presidency if Ford—when he became President—would grant Nixon a full and complete pardon.

The "deal," Hersh insists, was consummated during an alleged telephone conversation between Ford and Nixon on September 7, 1974, a month after the resignation, in which, Hersh says, Nixon threatened "to go public" and claim that Ford had promised the pardon in exchange for the Presidency.

At the heart of Hersh's tale is the most sacred of journalistic cows—the unidentified source. In other disciplines, such as science and law, the unidentified source is regarded as no source at all. The naming of credible sources is considered an essential ingredient in discovering the truth. In a court of law, information provided by second-hand or unidentified sources is treated as hearsay and is not admissible as evidence. In Hersh's brand of journalism, facts, sources, and evidence are whatever the author says they are.

The real story behind the resignation and the decision not to subject Nixon to criminal prosecution, at least on the congressional level, has nothing to do with Hersh's cloak-and-dagger melodrama.

As the second-ranking Republican on the House impeachment committee in 1974, the author of one of the Articles of Impeachment (Article III), and the co-author (with Congressman James Mann (D., S.C.) of another (Article II), I was one of the principal actors in the events surrounding the investigation of Nixon.

After voting to impeach the President, I issued a statement to the press urging his resignation. I was present throughout the House Judiciary Subcommittee's hearings on the Nixon pardon, including President Ford's unprecedented, and voluntary, appearance before our committee—the first time that a President has testified before a committee of Congress during the period of his Presidency in more than a hundred years.

Richard Nixon was the only President of the United States to resign. His resignation, at noon on Friday, August 9, 1974, came less than 48 hours after he had vowed to members of his Cabinet that he would *not* resign. What happened in the House of Representatives during that 48-hour interval merits close scrutiny.

The House Judiciary Committee, including seven Republicans, had voted on July 30 to recommend three Articles of

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Mr. McClory, who served in Congress from 1963 to 1983, was the most active Republican member of the House Judiciary Committee during the impeachment proceedings against Richard Nixon in 1974. He now practices law in Washington, D.C.

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Impeachment that the full House seemed certain to adopt. A few days later, the committee received the transcript of the incriminating June 23, 1972 taped conversation that contained the "smoking gun" segment—conclusive evidence of Richard Nixon's dominant role in the Watergate cover-up, and other elements of the obstruction-of-justice charge. This evidence was so damaging that such hard-line Nixon supporters as Congressmen Charles Wiggins (R., Calif.) and Edward Hutchinson (Mich.), the ranking Republican on the committee, who had voted against impeachment, indicated that they would vote for impeachment when the Articles came before the full House. What little support Nixon had in Congress before the June 23 revelations had collapsed.

Meanwhile, Chairman Peter Rodino and I, and several other Judiciary Committee members, were formulating a plan for the floor debate to present to the House Rules Committee. Rodino, Speaker Carl Albert, and I had agreed that there would be live national television coverage of the House debate, which was expected to take two full weeks, starting at noon Monday, August 26.

On Tuesday, August 6, in Rodino's office in the Rayburn Building, Rodino and I discussed an equal division of the time between Democrats and Republicans. He seemed favorably inclined toward such a division. The meeting was also attended by Democratic committee members Don Edwards (Calif.) and Bob Kastenmeier (Wisc.), and Republicans Tom Railsback (Ill.) and William Cohen (Me.), Jerome Zeifman, chief majority counsel for the Judiciary Committee, and Frank Polk, the committee's chief minority counsel. My recommendations, which seemed likely to be adopted, would allot each member of the House five minutes to discuss the Articles of Impeachment; members of the Judiciary Committee would have ten minutes each. The time would be broken into 397 segments of five minutes each and 38 segments of ten minutes each, for a total of about forty hours. Richard Nixon would become the center of the most damaging criticism suffered by any officeholder in the nation's history for five hours a day over a two-week period.

During the discussion in Rodino's office the bells sounded for a quorum call, bringing our formal meeting to an abrupt end. The committee counsel departed, as well as Congressmen Railsback, Cohen, and Kastenmeier. Rodino asked me to stay for a minute; Congressman Edwards also remained.

Rodino began: "Say, Bob, got your press release urging the President to resign." He continued: "I'm all for it. See what you can do. It would save us all a lot of trouble. The damage to the country will be terrible if this all goes on TV. Think what it would do around the world. *If he resigns, we can drop all this, the impeachment, the threat of criminal proceedings.* If he quits, that's the end, that's it."

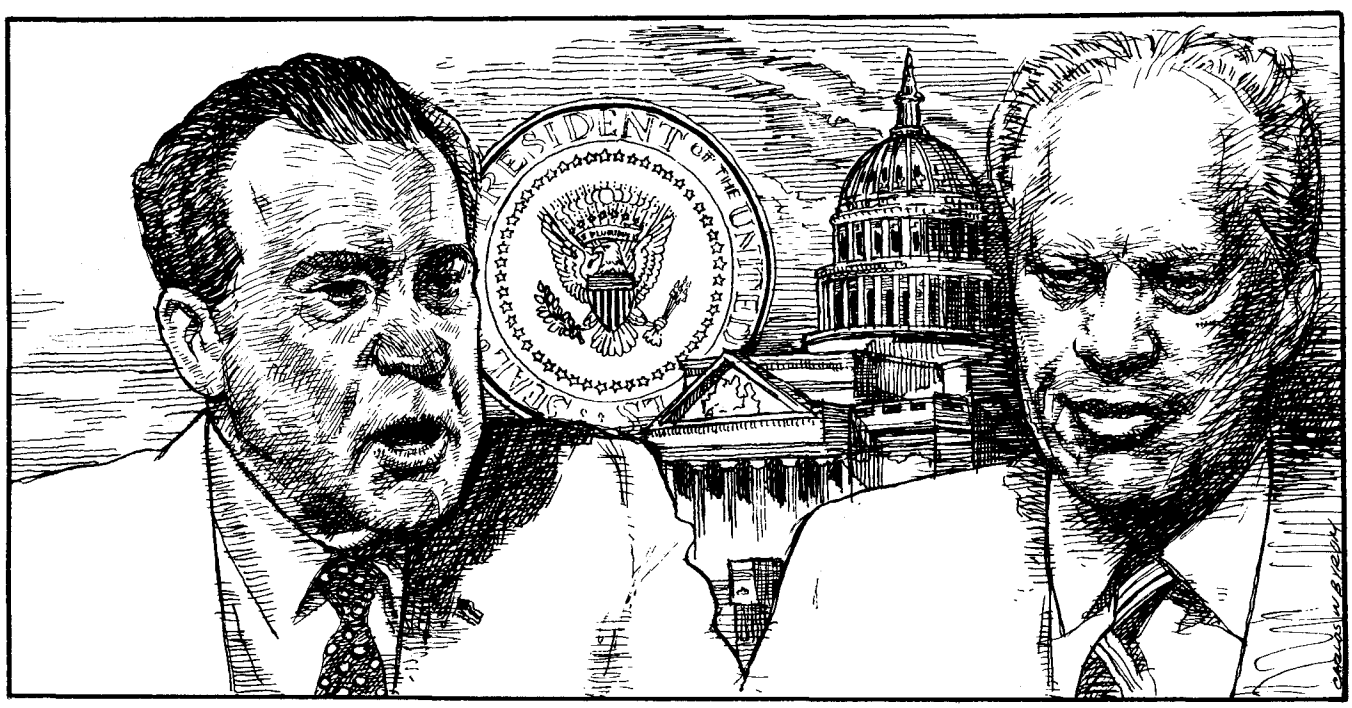
I replied: "Pete, I'm glad you feel as you do, and the way you're talking to me, it sounds as though you want me to communicate your views to the people on my side."

Rodino answered, "Of course. You tell your guys that if he quits, we'll drop the impeachment, and there should be no criminal proceedings."

I was completely unprepared for Rodino's overtures. But was he simply speaking off the cuff or, at least, off the record? I asked him if others felt the same way—and whether I should report his position to "my guys."

Congressman Edwards volunteered, "Bob, I feel the same way. If Nixon resigns, he's through. No impeachment. No criminal prosecution. That's my position."

I placed great reliance on Edwards's statement. He had been a key figure in encouraging Rodino's fairness as chairman of the Judiciary Committee during the impeachment hearings. A one-time Republican, Edwards had switched parties and at one point served as head of the Americans for Democratic Action. A genuine liberal with an unbroken record of adherence to constitutional and civil rights, Edwards joined Republicans in insisting that Richard Nixon had a basic right to counsel during our Judiciary Committee hearings and that Nixon's counsel, James St. Clair, could examine and cross-examine witnesses during our closed executive sessions. I felt Edwards's support of the resignation movement reflected the prevailing attitude of the Democrats on the committee.



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My conversation with Speaker Albert was brief, but it confirmed what Rodino and Edwards had told me: If Nixon would resign, the impeachment would be dropped and the Speaker would argue against any criminal prosecution

But did it reflect the position of the Democratic leadership? There was nothing to do but ask. So I said, "Pete, what about the Speaker? How does he feel about this?"

Rodino then told me that he had already talked with the Speaker, and that "he feels the same way." "Do you mind if I talk to the Speaker about this?" I asked.

Rodino replied, "No. You can talk to him right now." We hurried to the Capitol and walked onto the House floor near the end of the quorum call. Speaker Carl Albert was standing on the Democratic side of the rostrum, as was customary, awaiting an announcement by the chairman of the House that the members would rise, at which time the Speaker would take his seat on the rostrum.

My conversation with Speaker Albert was brief, but it confirmed what Congressmen Rodino and Edwards had told me: If Richard Nixon would resign, the impeachment would be dropped and the Speaker would argue against any criminal prosecution. The Speaker interposed a clear caveat—which I recall as though he had uttered the words today: "Of course, we have no authority over the criminal proceedings. That is in the hands of the special prosecutor. It's up to [Leon] Jaworski—and the Judiciary. But, sure, my advice would be to drop the whole thing—the impeachment and the criminal prosecution." This, of course, was true.

The Speaker added that the impeachment proceedings in the House and a trial of a President of the United States in the courts would be very damaging. "He ought to resign."

I made it clear to the Speaker that I was going to communicate his position "to the people on my side." The Speaker said, "Sure," as he left to take his seat on the rostrum.

I puzzled on how best to communicate this advice to the White House.

I looked but couldn't find the Republican Leader, John Rhodes, so I thought of Bill Casselman, my former legislative assistant, who had worked at the White House during the first four Nixon years. He was now counselor to Vice President Gerald Ford.

I reached Casselman in the Republican Cloakroom at about 3:30 P.M. and recounted briefly my conversations with Rodino, Edwards, and Speaker Albert. Casselman told me that Ford wanted nothing whatever to do with any possible Nixon resignation; he didn't even want to discuss the subject. In sum, Casselman said that he couldn't talk to Ford about this subject, and he felt it would be inappropriate for him to communicate the information to the White House.

Casselman then suggested that Bill Timmons, a Nixon aide, might be the right person for me to talk to. He said he would have Timmons call me. At 4:20 P.M. I received a call in the Republican Cloakroom from Timmons. I told him the whole story, beginning with the discussion in Rodino's office about the live television debates covering the three Articles of Impeachment. Then I described Rodino's overtures, Congressman Edwards's assent, and finally my discussion with Speaker Albert.

Timmons told me that at that very moment Congressman John Rhodes and Senators Barry Goldwater and Hugh Scott were talking to the President in the Oval Office. Timmons was speaking from the adjoining room.

"I know the President is not interested in any plea bargaining," Timmons told me, "but I feel that he would be interested in what you are telling me. At any rate, as soon as Mr. Rhodes and Senators Scott and Goldwater leave, I will report what you have told me directly to the President." This Timmons did. During the discussion the President had with Rhodes, Scott, and Goldwater, the subject of resignation was never mentioned.

The next day, Richard Nixon stunned the nation by announcing that he would resign the Presidency. His statement made no reference, of course, to the assurances that had been communicated to him. The decision, according to Nixon, was made because his "base of support" in the House and the Senate had diminished to the point where his vindication in impeachment proceedings seemed most unlikely. While admitting mistakes, he appeared to express no sense of guilt.

Impeachment is the sole method of removing from office a President of the United States or persons in the executive or judicial branches of government. Although in Great Britain impeachment procedures permitted the House of Lords to impose penalties (including the death sentence) on kings and lesser wrongdoers, our American system has clearly established that the only penalty the Senate may impose in an impeachment trial is "removal from office." Even if action in the House and Senate would have proceeded to a final conclusion, Richard Nixon could suffer no penalty at the hands of Congress other than his removal from office.

Special prosecutor Leon Jaworski's position on the issues of the resignation and pardon coincided with the views of Speaker Albert and Chairman Rodino, as expressed to me that August afternoon. About a month after the pardon, in an interview with Karen J. Elliott of the *Wall Street Journal*, Jaworski said he saw nothing wrong with President Ford's decision to pardon Richard Nixon. "If Mr. Nixon's case had been allowed to proceed to indictment and trial, the public would have learned nothing more about the President's role than will come out in the trials of his former aides," he told Miss Elliott.

Jaworski further confirmed that if Richard Nixon had been charged and tried, his trial would not have come up for many months.

When Gerald Ford appeared before a Judiciary Subcommittee on September 8, 1974 to explain his pardon of Richard Nixon, he said he did it to "change our national focus."

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A carat or more.
Because you were never very good at fractions.

Your jeweler can show you many diamond solitaires of a carat or more. This necklace features a 1.14 carat diamond.

A carat or more–one in a million.

Every diamond is rare.
But of all diamonds found, a solitaire of a carat or more is only one in a million.

And, like love, becomes more precious with time.

A miracle among miracles.
Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond of a carat or more.

Show the world you couldn't have made it without her.

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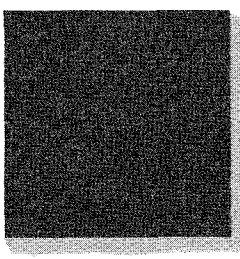
Walls that let you hear yourself think.

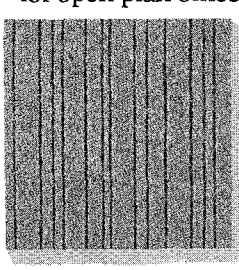
Soundsoak™ Acoustical Wall Panels

When people can't hear themselves think, their productivity suffers. Hard bare walls could be reflecting sounds into a distracting din. But you can cut that din dramatically with Soundsoak Acoustical Wall Panels.

The Soundsoak Encore Collection™, with its high absorption rating of .75 NRC, brings quiet dignity to private offices, lobbies, and conference rooms. Encore is a subtly textured woven fabric panel that's available in 16 heathered pastels.



Soundsoak 85 is an excellent choice for open plan offices because it absorbs 85% of the sound striking the walls. Each panel is covered with an embossed fabric in a choice of six natural colors and seven pastels.



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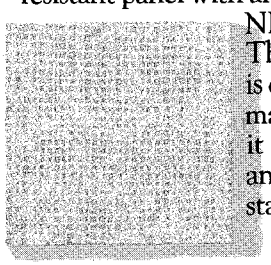

No matter which Soundsoak panels you select, you'll create a quieter, less stressful environment that's more conducive to good work. They're remarkably easy to install, too. For details, write Armstrong, Dept. 3CNBD , P. O. Box 3001, Lancaster, PA 17604.

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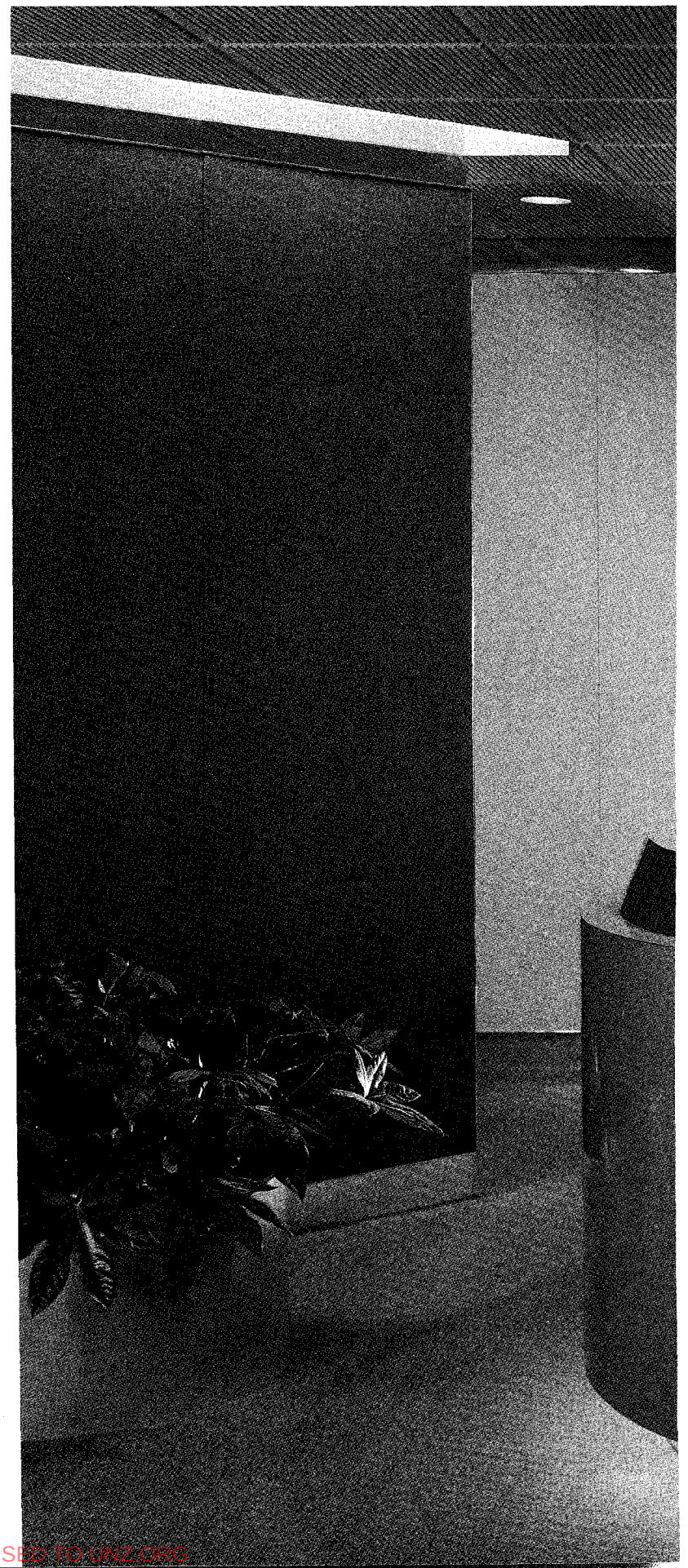

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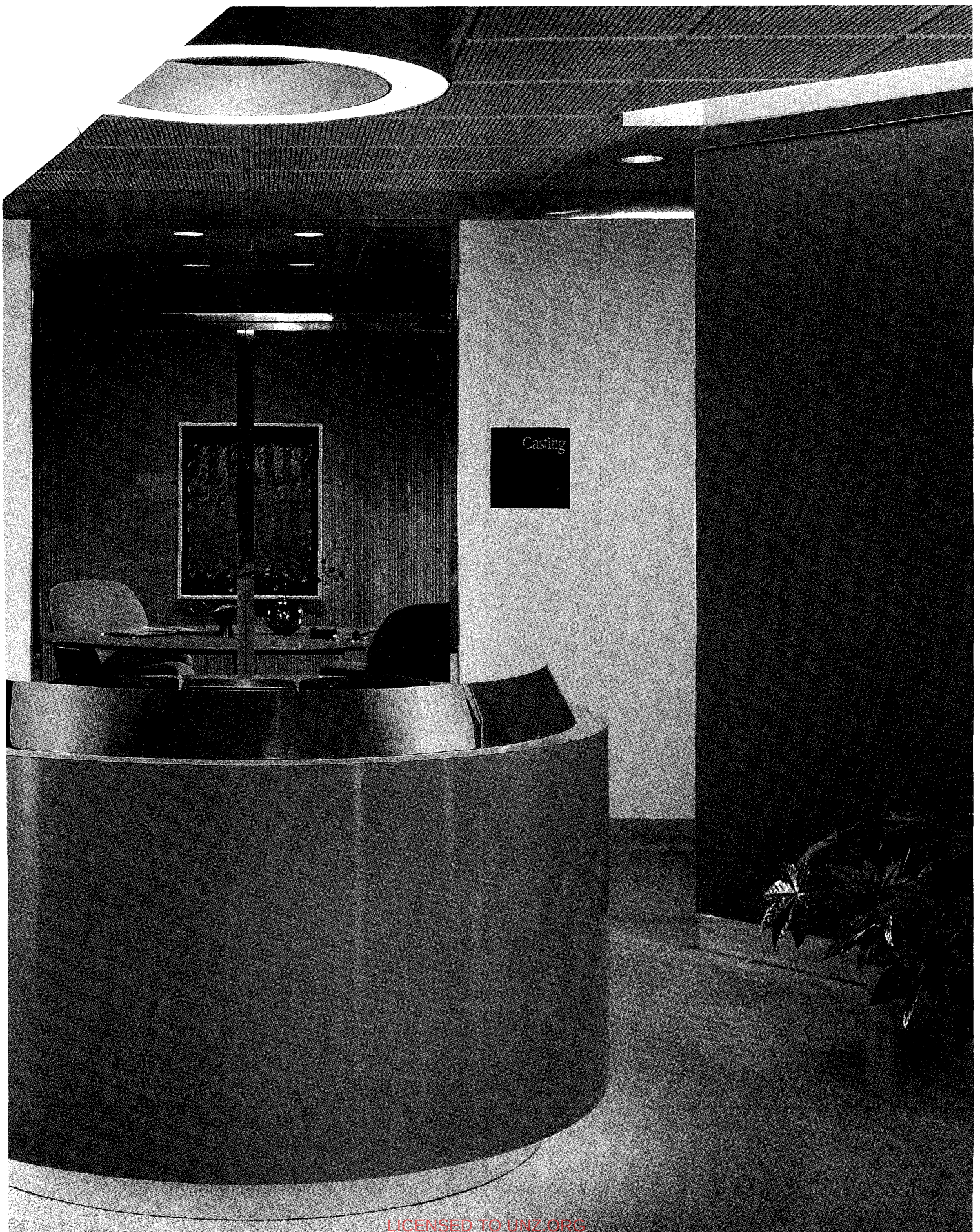

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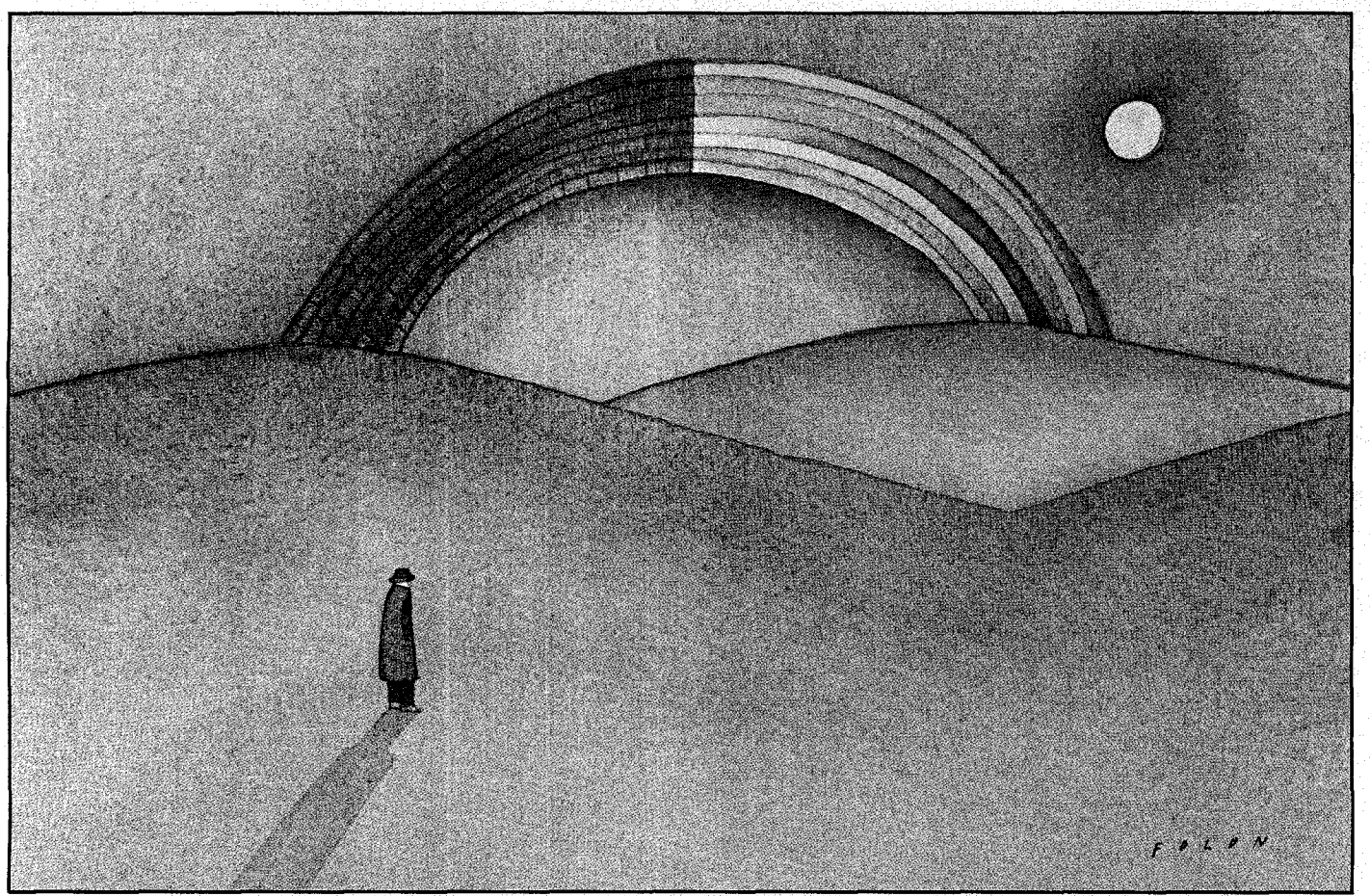
ENERGY OPTIONS
The Practical and The Promising



The energy crises of the 1970's jolted America into greater awareness of alternative energy development. Some of the alternative sources being explored today will play an increasing role in the years to come. The question is, how much will the new alternatives be able to supplement our major energy sources?

Although overall energy demand in the U.S. dropped slightly over the last decade, the use of electricity actually rose more than 20 percent. This electrification trend has gone on throughout the century and is expected to continue. The United States Department of Energy recently reported that "the economy is very likely to turn increasingly to electricity for its energy requirements."

As this reliance on electric energy continues to grow, *all* the resources that can generate electricity are being examined. Some of the alternatives are discussed here. Others, like fusion and ocean thermal energy conversion, may play a role in the more distant future.

Sun, wind, earth, and water

SOLAR. In some respects, solar energy has begun to pay off. For the heating of water, solar systems are now economically competitive in some regions of the U.S. with plenty of sunshine. Also, there are new buildings benefiting from "passive" solar designs. They utilize the sun through nonmechanical means such as skylights and heat-storing rock beds.

For the generation of electricity, however, solar technologies are in early stages of development. Although some limited uses are being made, solar electricity is still too expensive for widespread practical use.

One possible system is the solar-thermal electric station, or "power tower." A small solar-thermal plant in the Mojave Desert uses a large field of mirrors to track the sun and focus its heat onto a centrally mounted steam boiler that drives a turbine-generator.

Another solar electric technology is photovoltaics. It uses silicon or other semiconductors to convert the sun's rays directly into electricity. Researchers are working on increasing the efficiency and reducing the high costs of photovoltaics.

WIND. Wind power, like many alternative energy sources, depends on geography. It is most promising in the Great Plains, in mountain passes,

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and along coastal areas, where winds are strong and steady.

Some of the larger wind projects have had problems. But they are being addressed, and utility companies today are involved in well over 100 wind-power research projects. California's Energy Commission has

Reliability and strength of the wind play an important role in the location of "wind farms" like this one in Altamont Pass, east of San Francisco. Wind generators are spread over hundreds of acres of land.

predicted a wind-power potential of 1000 megawatts for the state by the year 2000, if current trends continue. That's the equivalent of one major electric power plant, or approximately 2 percent of the state's present electrical capacity.

GEOTHERMAL. The internal heat of the earth is another energy source. Geothermal energy is captured from hot water or steam created by hot or molten rock. 1300 megawatts of geothermal electric capacity are now available in this country, mostly in California.

HYDRO. Falling water generated almost 14 percent of the nation's electricity last year. Most U.S. sites for large-scale hydro projects are already in use, but there is potential for further development of low-head or "minihydro": the use of small and medium-sized dams, either newly built or upgraded. By 1985, there may be about 400 new small-scale hydro projects, largely in the Northeast. Like other energy sources, though, hydro has limitations. These include the environmental changes that can be caused by damming a river, as well as the uncertain reliability of power that is fed by rain and snow.

BIOMASS. This term refers to a wide variety of fuel sources, including plant and animal waste, wood, algae, and garbage. The largest user of biomass in the U.S. today is the forest products industry, which gets about 50 percent of its energy from wood wastes. Another form of biomass is methane gas produced from decaying organic materials.

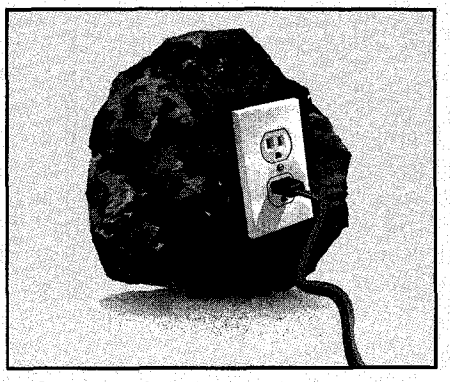
Energy sources we can count on today

Some of our important energy options involve not new production technologies but more efficient ways of delivering and using energy. So conservation methods, including industrial cogeneration, will also help meet our energy needs.

With all of America's energy alternatives, it's easy to forget how much of our electric power will still be generated from conventional fuels. The Department of Energy projects that by the year 2000, over 80 percent of the country's total electricity generation will still come from the abundant domestic resources of coal and uranium.

Oil and natural gas are more valuable fuels for transportation and manufacturing than for burning in power plants. Also, these fuels, especially oil, are subject to uncertainties over price and future supply.

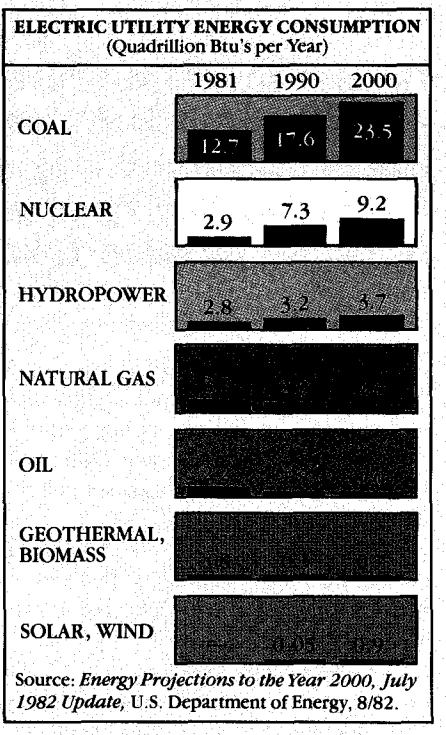
On the other hand, we have enough coal to last hundreds of years. Coal will remain our dominant



We have enough coal in the U.S. to last hundreds of years. It is estimated that by 1990, electric utilities will be burning over 780 million tons of coal a year to supply more than half of America's electricity.

source of electricity. And advanced technologies such as coal gasification and fluidized-bed combustion are creating new ways to burn coal cleanly.

To secure a well-balanced supply of energy, America is also relying on nuclear power. Aside from the 80 plants already generating nuclear electricity in the U.S., 56 more have been granted construction permits by



Source: *Energy Projections to the Year 2000, July 1982 Update,* U.S. Department of Energy, 8/82.

The Department of Energy foresees sizable growth for both nuclear energy and coal in this country's electrical future.

the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission. And they are being built.

A steady and secure supply of electricity is critical for a healthy economy. Some of the alternative energy sources discussed here may eventually become significant contributors to America's electrical supply, depending on what part of the country you live in. Some may not. Whatever the future holds, we need to take advantage of the domestic energy resources already within our reach. We need to understand not only the electricity potential of tomorrow, but the electricity realities of today.

For a free booklet on *Energy Options* and the electrical future of America, send this coupon to:
U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness
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Information about energy America can count on today

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Hersh expects readers to share his faith in Bella Abzug and Elizabeth Holtzman and John Conyers. Hersh conveniently ignores the fact that the Democratic leadership had divorced itself from the position taken by these three

He added: "I wanted to do all I could to shift our attention from the pursuit of a fallen President to the pursuit of the urgent needs of a rising nation."

Does Hersh dispute this? Does he claim that a trial of Richard Nixon in a criminal court would have been good for the nation?

Many regard the pardon as the single act that lost Ford the presidential election in November 1976. Obviously, he was conscious of the risk. He assumed the responsibility for making that decision.

The tragedy of Seymour Hersh's dramatic tale is that a man of courage and dedication, Gerald R. Ford, is recklessly presented as a co-conspirator with Richard Nixon, intent upon obstructing justice. Only a handful of congressmen, all bitter political enemies of Gerald Ford, supports such a conspiracy theory, and none has offered any evidence to support it.

Former Representative Bella Abzug, a compulsive Ford opponent, charged in testimony before the House Judiciary Committee that if Ford had offered to pardon Nixon in exchange for Nixon's agreement to resign the Presidency, then "conceivably Mr. Ford could be charged with accepting a bribe, which is an impeachable offense."

When cross-examined by Representative David Dennis (R., Ind.), who asked her, "Do you have any evidence whatsoever to support those suspicions?" Mrs. Abzug replied, "No, and I make it very clear, Mr. Dennis, that I make no judgment here as to whether these suspicions are justified."

Yet Hersh expects readers to share his faith in Congresswomen Bella Abzug and Elizabeth Holtzman and Congressman John Conyers. Hersh conveniently ignores the fact that the Democratic leadership had divorced itself from the position taken by these three.

President Ford acknowledged to the Judiciary Subcommittee that on August 1, 1974 he met twice (eight days before the Nixon resignation) with Alexander Haig Jr. and discussed the damaging evidence against Nixon in the June 23, 1972 "smoking gun" tape.

Haig told Ford that he was presenting various options to Nixon: a) resignation, b) temporary relinquishment of the Presidency as authorized by the 25th Amendment, and c) Nixon's possible pardon of himself and other Watergate defendants to be then followed by his resignation.

Although Haig had elicited Ford's views on the various options, Ford called Haig the next day (August 2) to advise him that he (Ford) did not intend to make any recommendation as to what Nixon should do about resigning or not resigning.

These two contacts with Haig seem to be undisputed, even by Hersh.

In his testimony before the Judiciary Subcommittee, Ford declared flatly: "At no time after I became President on August 9, 1974 was the subject of a pardon for Richard M. Nixon raised by the former President or by anyone representing him."

At his first press conference as President on August 20, 1974, Ford anticipated possible questions on the subject of the pardon. After denying any negotiations on that subject, Ford added that "the general view of the American people was to spare the former President from a criminal trial."

Ford continued: "Shortly afterward, I became greatly concerned that if Mr. Nixon's prosecution and trial were prolonged, the passions generated over a long period of time would seriously disrupt the healing of our country from the wounds of the past."

This, indeed, is the view that prevailed in Congress and in the country.

Ford's erstwhile political ally, former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, questioned not the pardon but the timing of the pardon. So did I.

But none of those with whom I discussed the Nixon resignation would have demanded Nixon's prosecution. They supported the resignation as an alternative to the trauma of an impeachment trial by the Senate or the criminal trial of the former President.

On August 11 of this year, I telephoned Gerald Ford to ask him about the Hersh piece. He found it grossly "unfair" and told me he had offered Hersh all the logs of telephone calls received at the White House for the period about which the charge of a Nixon call was alleged to have occurred. But Hersh *refused* to examine this record. When I asked the former President about the existence of an "unmonitored" call, as Hersh suggests, he replied, "Hogwash."

The fundamental fact is this: There is no evidence anywhere of a telephone call to President Ford in the early evening of September 7, 1974, from an angry Richard Nixon, 29 days after he had resigned as President of the United States, demanding a pardon. □

❖ ❖

Are Seven Sounds Enough?

Exercises in -ough

A thorough cad from our borough
Long enough on a furlough
Broke the trough
With a bough
Through the rough
Wrecked his plough
And, needing bread, kneaded some dough.

MICHAEL NOVAK

❖ ❖

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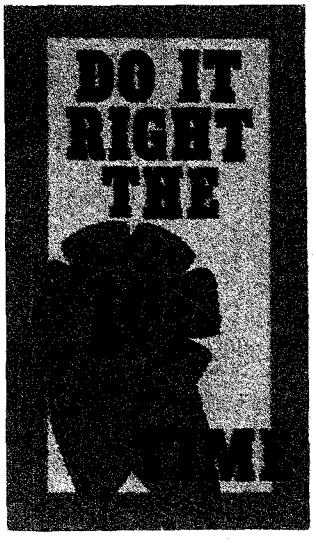

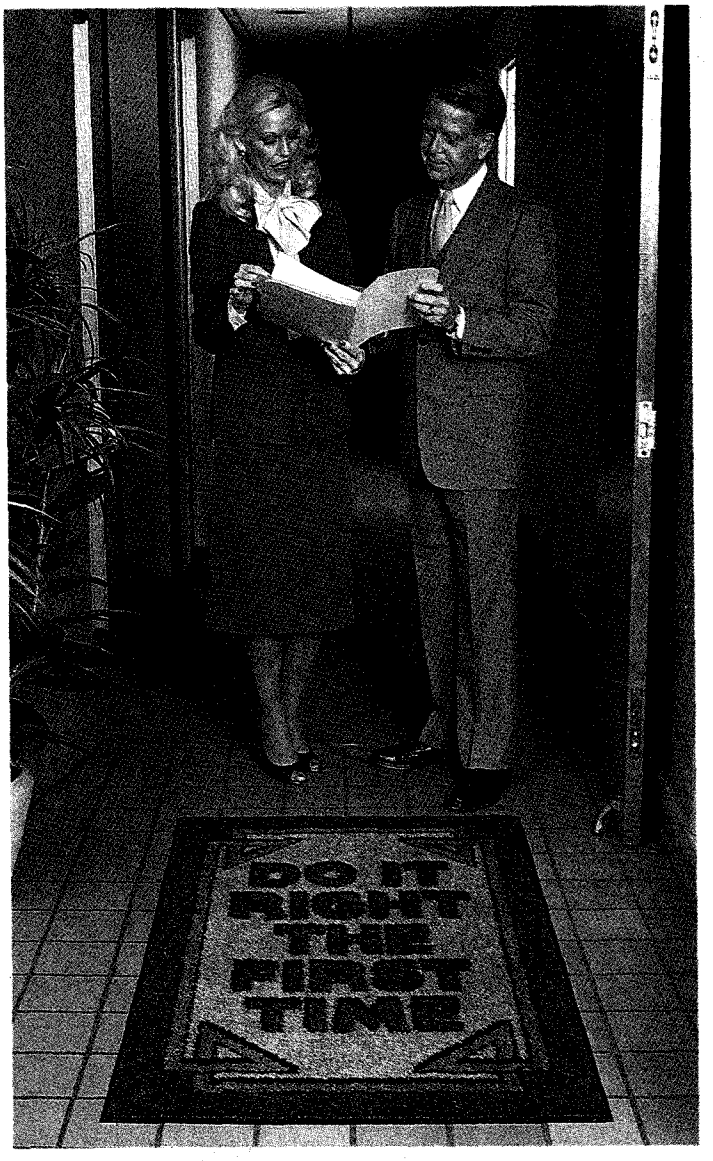

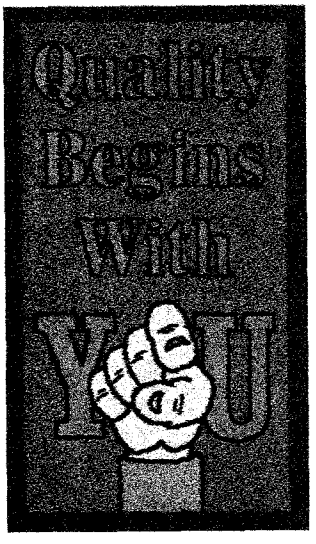

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LIBERTARIAN CONVENTION

Saving the UOS

RICHARD BROOKHISER

FOURTEEN MONTHS before the election, and ten months ahead of their major party rivals, the Libertarians assembled in the Imperial Ballroom of the Sheraton Center Hotel in New York City to fine-tune the platform, give a good college yell, and pick their candidate for President of the United and Overgoverned States.

The fringes were out in force, most visibly on the book tables outside the main meeting room, where one found *The Case against God* nestling up beside *The Case for Gold*; also, a sheet called *Young Libertarian*, which looked forward eagerly to "the break-up of the continental United States." At the other end, there was the courtly young man who was attending the convention both as an alternate and as a correspondent for *American Opinion*. A certain apoliticality inheres in the very nature of the party: At one point, the national chairman had the unprecedented impertinence to ask a TV camera crew to turn down its lights (what unself-respecting politician would risk the immortalizing of his beautiful mug?) For the most part, though, the convention was seriously dedicated to the business of organizing a campaign that would best put the Libertarian philosophy before the public.

Bergland for President

The front—indeed, and only—runner throughout the summer was Gene Burns, a radio talk-show host in Orlando, Florida, and a recent convert to Libertarianism. But four days before the opening gavel, Burns rattled the party's war chest, found it disturbingly resonant, and pulled out. The two leading contenders for his suddenly vacant place were David Bergland and Earl Ravenal.

Ravenal's claim on Libertarian affections was the counsel he had given as foreign-policy advisor to the party's last two presidential candidates. Ravenal's *curriculum vitae* includes a stint in the McNamara Defense Department and a fellowship with the Institute for Policy Studies. He is currently a professor of international relations at Georgetown University, and a member of the board of the left-libertarian Cato Institute.

In the world according to Ravenal, the United States can and should play a smaller role. Our defense budget has swollen to unbearable proportions. The remedy is not trimming weapons systems, but cutting the foreign-policy missions that the weapons and soldiers are supposed to execute. In a recent article in the *New York Times Magazine*, Ravenal suggested withdrawing from Western Europe and the Middle East. "Neither would we send an army to defend a Latin American capital from takeover by leftist guerrillas." The Soviet nuclear threat could be neutralized by submarines and bombers alone. "Just how the Soviet Union would react is, of course, difficult to determine. A noninterventionist strategy does not depend on trust in Soviet intentions . . . It simply accepts the possibility of some foreign losses in order to preserve the integrity of our own economy, society, and political system." Ravenal, his leaflets asserted, was the man to "take the peace issue away from the Left." His supporters had printed a hundred signs with his visage that, when he was nominated, they paraded around the ballroom to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

David Bergland ran chiefly on his record of Libertarian loyalty. The silver-haired 48-year-old lawyer had been Roger MacBride's running mate and chairman of the party from 1977 to 1981. He was nominated, without a demonstration, by Ed Clark.

Also running were a lovely young microbiologist; the only Libertarian office-holder in the state of New Jersey; an eccentric retired Air Force colonel; and the 1972 vice presidential candidate, Tonie Nathan. She received the endorsement of the Libertarian Defense Caucus, an uncharacteristically bellicose faction. Her nominator called the Soviet Union "a criminal gang that cannot be trusted," and plugged High Frontier, though meanwhile allowing that America should withdraw all of its troops from abroad and adopt a policy of no-first use. On the fourth ballot, when the minor candidates had dropped out, Bergland, with 270 votes, topped Ravenal (242) and "none of the above" (24). Jim Lewis, a salesman and party activist in New England, got the nod for vice president.

I spoke to Bergland after the convention adjourned, *sine deo*. The first issue on his mind was the economy. He said Libertarians view taxes as an "immoral imposition." But "we are also realists and recognize taxes won't go away real quick." He supports such interim measures as a balanced-budget amendment and removing criminal penalties from the tax code. At the same time, he is skeptical of supply-side economics—it "has to do with maximizing government revenues"—and opposes a flat-rate tax: "I'm not interested in making a more efficient taxing system." The government "should not be in the money business," but a return to a gold standard would be an acceptable way station.

Pull Out of Europe

Bergland's foreign-policy prescriptions are the same as Ravenal's (he said he would "like to call on" Ravenal as an advisor, as his predecessors had done). Bergland favors cutting the defense budget by $100 to $200 billion and pulling back from Europe, the Pacific perimeter, the Middle East, and Central America. "There are five million people in El Salvador. If they go Communist, I don't see much danger." On the other hand, "If a bunch of us want to get together an expeditionary force and fight with Commander Zero, the United States Government shouldn't prevent that." Bergland believes the nuclear arsenal can be cut by more than one half, and still deter. He has no "principled objection" to defensive strategies such as High Frontier or anti-ballistic missiles, though we must consider whether they would "aggravate Soviet paranoia."

Principles are all very well, but how do you apply them in specific situations? Bergland denounced the Korean airliner attack as a "vicious, brutal act of murder." Yet "it wasn't in American air space. Whenever Americans go to other parts of the world, they have to

(Continues on page 1297)

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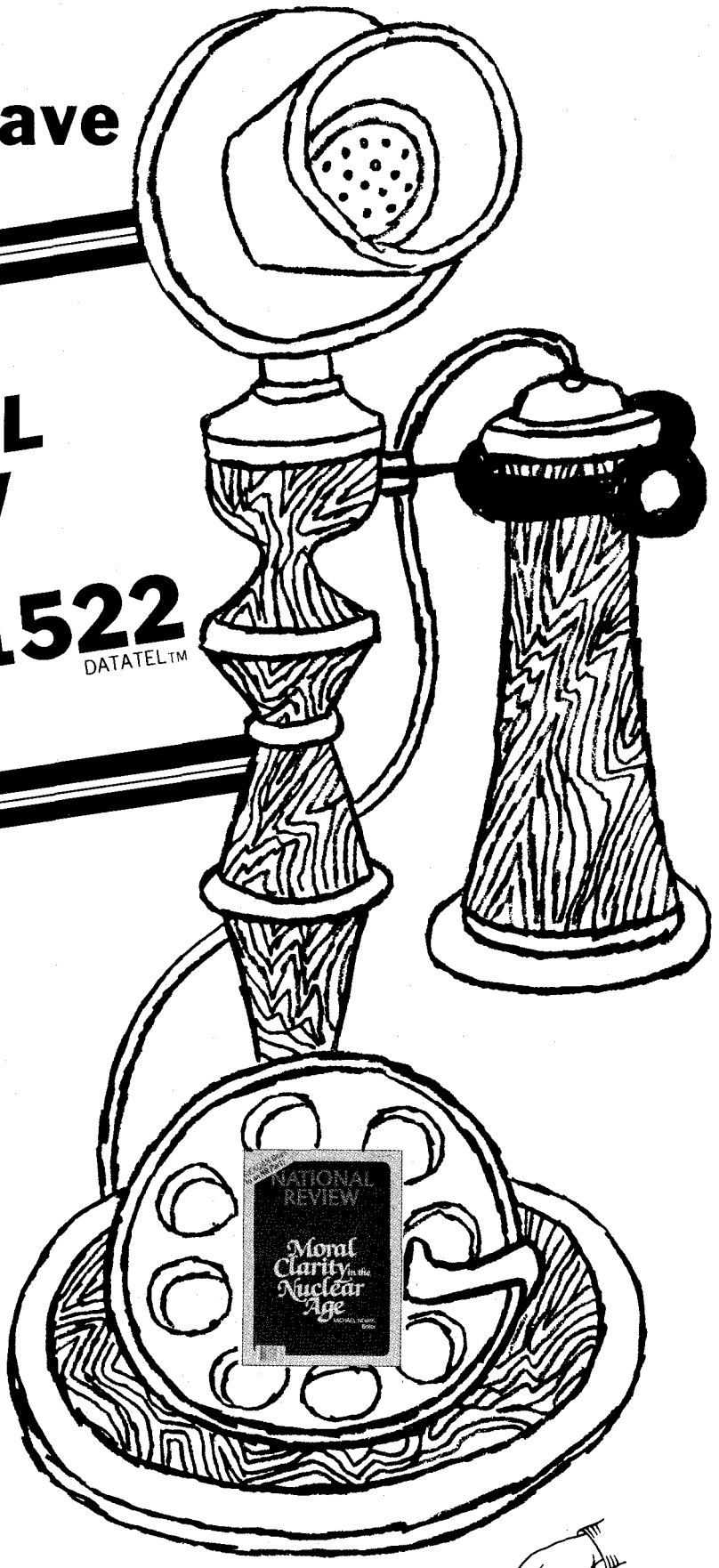

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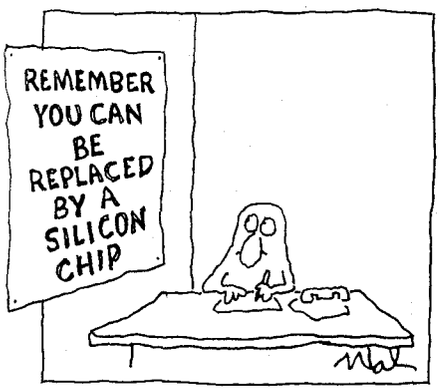
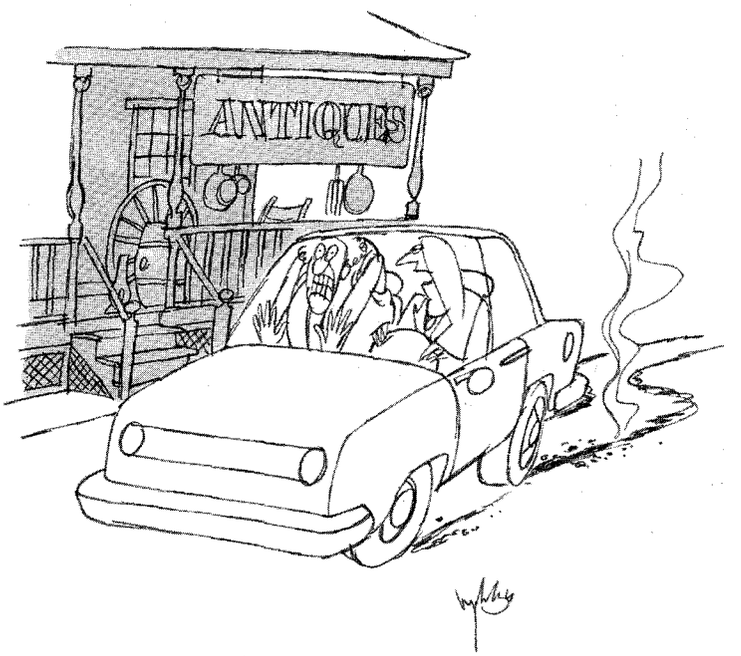
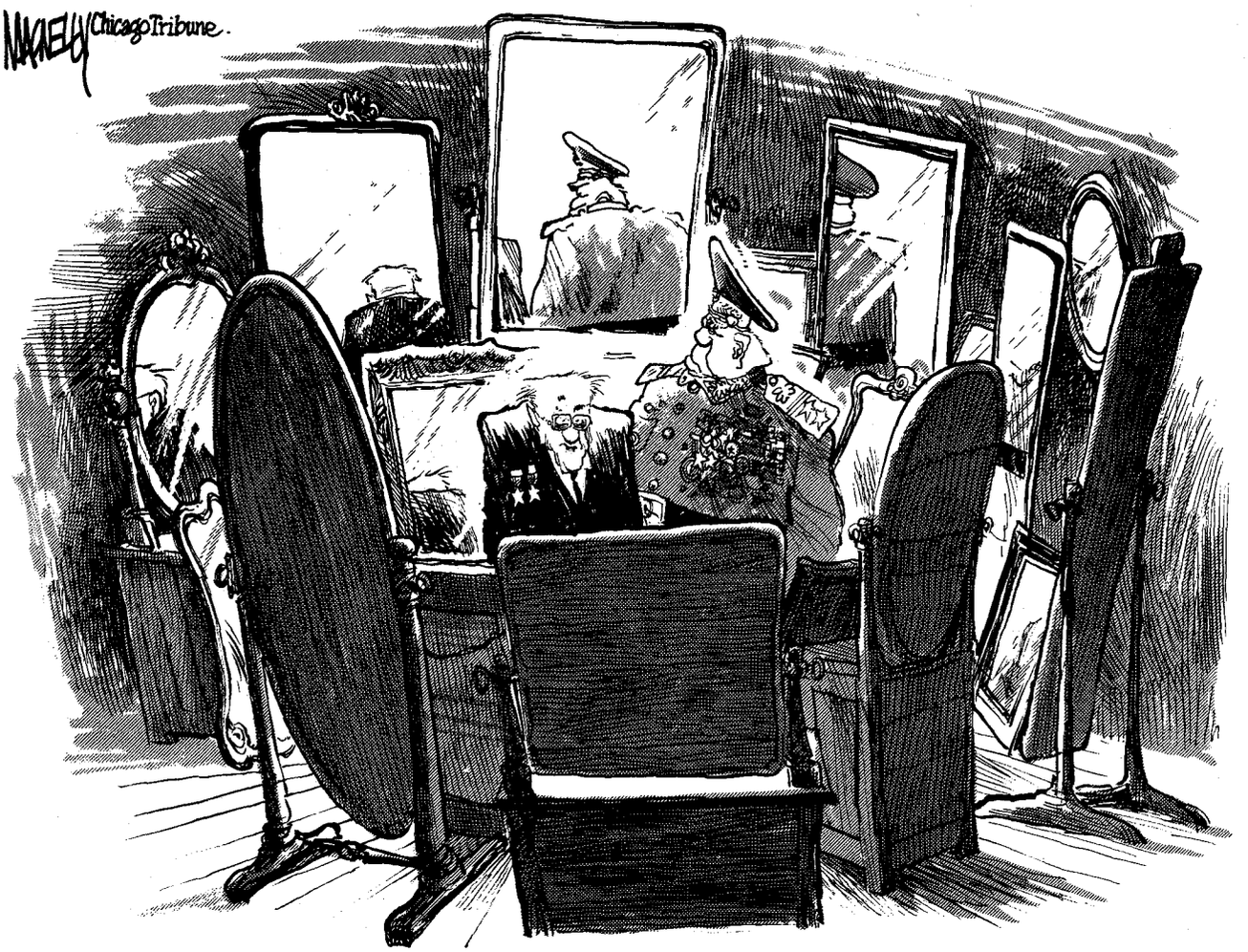




"I brake for antiques."



"We are surrounded by dangerous paranoids, Comrade.—Call in an air strike!!"

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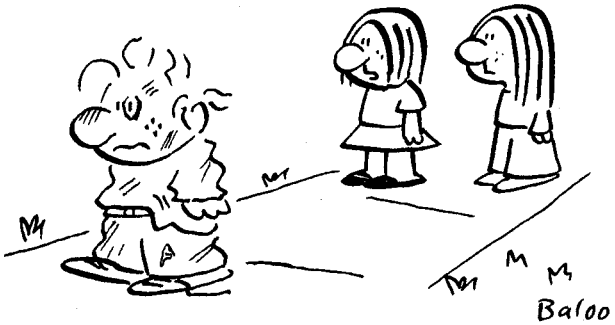
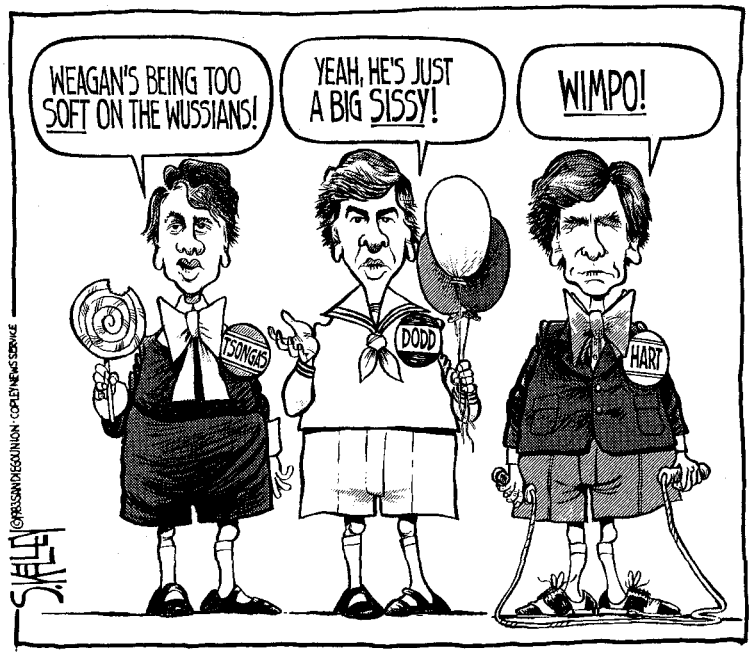
Appointment in Chad

The French, they are a funny race.
  They love a marshal's master-touch,
But fifty million make a face
  If fame and glory cost too much.

W. H. VON DREELE



"He's the Libya of South Elm Street."



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SERMON AT TEMPLE EMANU-EL*

What happens when Jews and Christians become ex-Jews and ex-Christians? Houses of worship are replaced by gas chambers and Gulags. For those who are still Jews and Christians, the time has come for cooperation

Jews, Christians, and Gentiles

ERIK von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ABOUT TEN YEARS ago I had a conversation with a Jewish-American couple in Jerusalem's King David Hotel. All of a sudden, the wife confessed that she had been brought up with the idea that Christians were the natural enemies of the Jews, that their religion was utterly wrong, but here in the Holy City, she had begun to realize that Christianity, after all, stemmed from Judaism, that it was—she looked at me apologetically—a "Jewish religion."

"You are right," I admitted, "as Pius XI told us, we are all Semites spiritually and we have always known that the synagogue was the mother of the Church." The husband became irritated, even rude to his wife. She had tears in her eyes. I sympathized with her, but I could also understand his reactions.

Surely, the proverbial man from Mars, observing the painful history of the Jewish-Christian relationship over the centuries, would be utterly surprised. The history of the Jewish people is stranger than fiction, and no intelligent Christian can say that the Jews are a people "just like any other." They are not. They remain an extraordinary people—with a special role and a special mission. The Martian would be shocked at the enmity between the two communities in the last nine hundred years, given that Christianity has its roots firmly in Jewish soil. He also would note that wherever Christians went, the Jews followed—to Europe's north, to the Americas, to Australasia, to South Africa.

Jewish groups elsewhere are small in numbers. In other words, the Jews as a rule settled in the shadow of the cross. And Christians, in turn, spread Jewish teachings, Jewish tenets, ethics, and symbols, words and institutions all over the globe. The Martian would discover that Christians have Jewish names like Joseph and John and James, Mary and Mark, Michael, Anne, Gabriel and Raphael, Adam and Eve. He would be aware that the Old Testament is read by many more Christians than Jews; that the Psalms are recited in countless Christian services; that Christian art over the ages has represented scenes from Scriptures (which the faith of the Jews forbids them to do); that Jewish customs and ideas pervaded the original Church both East and West; that Jewish sacred music inspired the Christian liturgy.

The Gentiles rejected the Bible, and the Jews the Torah. Their common bond was secularism

The Martian would see churches with Jewish symbols, he would notice candidates for the ministry studying Hebrew and see Christians making pilgrimages to the Holy Land. And yet—he would also see Christians persecuting Jews; he would hear of mobs plundering Jewish quarters and murdering people who are, *in a way*, their co-religionists and spiritual ancestors; he would see Christian governments curtailing the civil rights of Jews and expelling them from their homes, chasing them from country to country.

Still, since the Martian is presumably objective, he would not thoughtlessly swallow every historic myth (as, for instance, that the Inquisition burned pious Jews at the stake), and he would also most carefully distinguish between Christians and Gentiles, between those not merely baptized but inwardly and outwardly adhering to their faith, and those who are in reality neo-pagans. Whether the latter have a baptismal certificate and call themselves Christians, or not, hardly matters. St. Augustine has told us that many who seem to be within the fold are actually outside it—and vice versa. Himmler was "born" a Catholic, Heydrich was reared a Lutheran, Moses Uritski, founder of the Tshe-Ka, was circumcised. Himmler and Heydrich were *gentiles*, Uritski was a Jew only in the flesh—and was assassinated by the Jewish student Kannegiesser, who thought him a hideous blot on the Jewish name.

The record of the treatment of the Jews by the Christians is bad, though perhaps not as bad as it is sometimes made out—and not bad in all countries at all times. Anti-Jewish sentiments have existed from time immemorial; they existed in the Roman Empire before the advent of Christianity. Jews, as a whole, never were popular. Why is that? In general because people, en masse, are comfortable with "sameness" and fear and distrust "otherness." All leftist movements were and are populist, collectivist, conformist, anti-personalist, and "identitarian." They mobilize the majorities against unpopular minorities as can be seen in the three great revolutions—the French, the Russian, and the German. This "leftist-horizontalism" was somehow kept in check until two hundred years ago by a religious and social verticalism, in other words, by "rightism."

This psycho-political explanation is necessary because the leftist phenomenon

*This article is a somewhat shortened version of a sermon Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn gave in Temple Emanu-El in New York. Emanu-El is the largest synagogue in the world.

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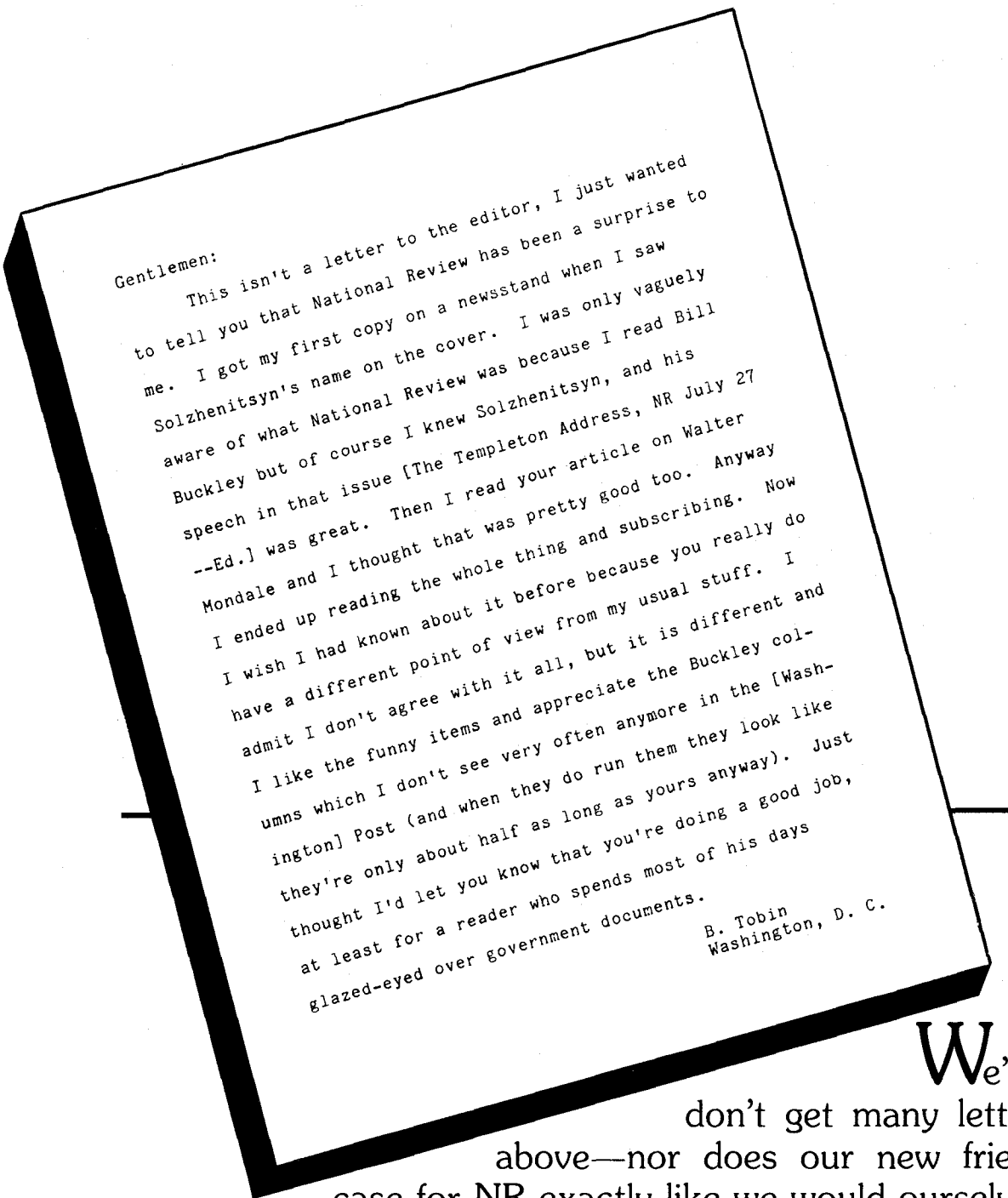

Gentlemen:

This isn't a letter to the editor, I just wanted to tell you that National Review has been a surprise to me. I got my first copy on a newsstand when I saw Solzhenitsyn's name on the cover. I was only vaguely aware of what National Review was because I read Bill Buckley but of course I knew Solzhenitsyn, and his speech in that issue [The Templeton Address, NR July 27 --Ed.] was great. Then I read your article on Walter Mondale and I thought that was pretty good too. Anyway I ended up reading the whole thing and subscribing. Now I wish I had known about it before because you really do have a different point of view from my usual stuff. I admit I don't agree with it all, but it is different and I like the funny items and appreciate the Buckley columns which I don't see very often anymore in the [Washington] Post (and when they do run them they look like they're only about half as long as yours anyway). Just thought I'd let you know that you're doing a good job, at least for a reader who spends most of his days glazed-eyed over government documents.

B. Tobin
Washington, D. C.

We'll admit we don't get many letters like the above—nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly like we would ourselves—still, he makes a great point: NR *is* different, and it's well worth getting regularly. So if you don't yet have your own personal subscription, why not use the card facing this page now? It will bring you the next 15 valuable issues for just $14.95 (saving you a full $7.55 over the newsstand price). And *now* is the best time to have NR—with the '84 presidential battles already in full swing, you shouldn't miss a single installment of NR's unique reporting and inside information.

So fill out and mail the card facing this page right now (before you get distracted). You'll be glad you did—and so, of course, will we—many thanks!

P.S.: you can also use the card to send NR to somebody you know who should be reading it.

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has played a powerful role in the past and continues to play one at present; early on it becomes unfortunately mixed up with Christian anti-Judaism, which is now nearly extinct, but was once a reality. Christian anti-Judaism became virulent in the High Middle Ages and continued after that period. In other words: There was a flourishing and relatively free Jewish cultural life in the Christian world for the first thousand years of Christian history. The trouble started at the end of the eleventh century. Guido Kisch has demonstrated in a brilliant book how the overprotection of Jews by civil authorities resulted in their being deprived of their arms—a catastrophe in the Middle Ages when an unarmed man was not truly a man. Humanism and the Reformation brought new travail to the Jews. Their situation improved only with the Enlightenment. As Arthur Hertzberg's book discloses, the Jews suffered during the French Revolution, which was intrinsically leftist and disliked otherness and variety.

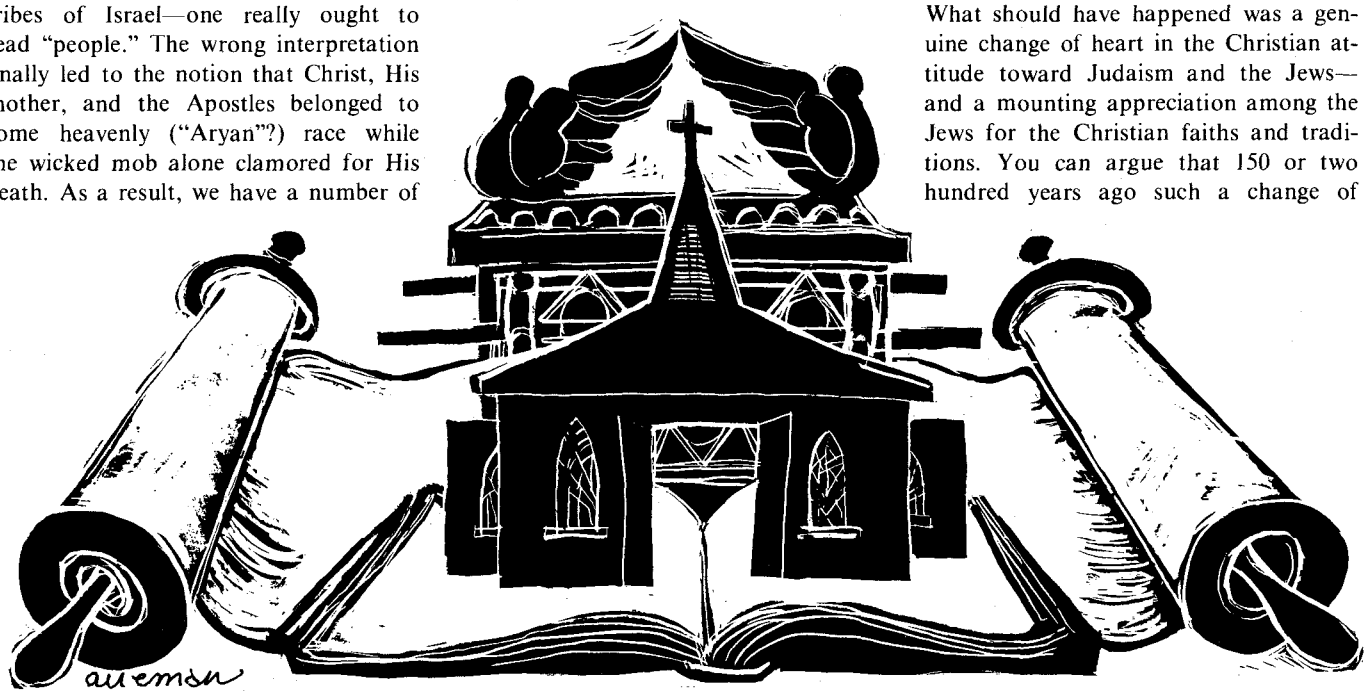
There were many reasons why the mobs hated the Jews: The Jews had privileges (which they had to renounce when they accepted baptism), had strange habits and rites, spoke a somewhat different language, looked different, were not "regular guys," were traders and, worse still, went into the loan business. To top it off, they were accused of being "Christ-killers." Here the Church is clearly at fault for misinterpreting the account of the trial of Jesus. Wherever we read "Jews"—the *Ioudaioi*, after all, were only the descendants of one of the tribes of Israel—one really ought to read "people." The wrong interpretation finally led to the notion that Christ, His mother, and the Apostles belonged to some heavenly ("Aryan"?) race while the wicked mob alone clamored for His death. As a result, we have a number of paintings of the Last Supper with Christ and all 11 Apostles looking rather Nordic; only Judas has very Mediterranean features. (In German "Judas" and "Jude" —Jew—have a most fatal similarity.) The death of Christ was, in a way, an inner-Jewish tragedy with foreign (Roman) implications. Salvation, needless to say, transcends this narrow scope.

In the Middle Ages the position of the Jews in Christendom was certainly not enviable, but by no means as bad as usually depicted. The ghetto, for instance, was a Jewish *privilege* and was considered as such. It enabled Jews to live under their own administration, under their own laws, and with their own cultural and religious institutions. When German Jews, mostly from the Rhineland, migrated to Poland at the invitation of King Casimir the Great, they found no walled ghettos, but, for obvious reasons, drew together. There too, with the *kahal*, they had self-government. The division between them and the Christians was primarily religious and also ethnic; least of all racial. Since Christians always aimed at the conversion of Jews, as they did of all other religious groups, conversions everywhere were greeted with great joy and festivities. In Poland a converted Jew was automatically included in the *szlachta*, the nobility. Even in old Russia the discrimination was clearly on religious ground: The brothers Anton and Nikolai Rubinstein, for instance, converted to Russian Orthodoxy and moved in the highest society; Anton, a great pianist, married a princess.

The emancipation of the Jews in Europe was a two-way affair. Enlightenment hit the Christian no less than the Jewish world, and without the liberalization of the Jewish faith and the surrender of orthodox (partly Talmudic) practices, no inclusion of the Jews into secular society was practically possible. Yet the emancipation of the Jews at the very end of the eighteenth and in the early nineteenth century happened at the wrong moment—when the exodus from Christianity began and so many Christians were turning inwardly, though not always formally, into Gentiles. Jews brought with them the rejection of Christ, and this precisely is what made them acceptable in an historic period that might be called "post-Christian." The Gentiles rejected the Bible, and the Jews the Torah. Their common bond was secularism.

The Christian label, of course, did not disappear overnight. Some Jews, like Heine, and Heinrich Marx (Karl's father), saw in the baptismal certificate the entrance into Gentile society. Others stuck to some form of liberal Judaism. Still, there were and are Jews embracing Christianity out of conviction, accepting Christ as *their* Messiah, and others again, who never took the final step because, while being converted in their hearts, they did not want to desert their people in times of grim persecution. Let us record only three names: Franz Werfel, Henri Bergson, and Simone Weil.

Why then do we say that the emancipation happened at the wrong moment? What should have happened was a genuine change of heart in the Christian attitude toward Judaism and the Jews—and a mounting appreciation among the Jews for the Christian faiths and traditions. You can argue that 150 or two hundred years ago such a change of



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mind was unlikely and you would, unfortunately, be right. Instead, a new secularity arose that absorbed ex-Jews and ex-Christians, and the impression prevailed that they could form something like a "Great Society" under the common denominator of reason, tolerance, science, progress, democracy, material comfort, and, perhaps, socialism. This illusion was near perfect. The first half and even the middle of the nineteenth century saw a truly mixed society in places like Vienna, Prague, London, Rome, Florence, and, above all, in Berlin and Frankfurt. Social-intellectual life in Berlin had a strong Jewish flavor. An emancipated Jewish society thrived in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

With the great crisis in Christianity and the ascendance of scientism, however, a new phenomenon made its appearance—anti-Semitism. The strongest factor in that development was *envy*. Jews were intelligent, they were hard working, and they were ambitious. They were immensely successful and became the sharpest business rivals of the rising middle class, where anti-Semitism was strong. Envy, which Bertrand Russell called the driving motor of democracy, has throughout history mobilized the many against the few, the masses against the elites—and the Jews in Central and Western Europe were an elite.

The three revolutions could happen because Christians had become a minority among Gentiles, because the masses turned initially against the old elites (nobility and clergy), then against nobility, clergy, and plutocracy (the big landowner, the industrialist, the banker), finally, in the German revolution, against all these groups including the Jews, categories that sometimes overlapped. Socialism has often embraced anti-Semitism; both Marx and Engels were savage Jew baiters. Marx's language was very similar to Julius Streicher's in *Der Stürmer*. Needless to say, the three revolutions were ideologically interconnected. Max Horkheimer of the Frankfurt Critical School wrote in an unpublished manuscript in 1939 that "the order which was started in 1789 as 'progressive' carried in it the tendency toward National Socialism."

The horrors of National Socialism were made possible because Christianity had largely evaporated: Too many Christians were living from the "whiff of an empty bottle." Anti-Semitism was no longer a religious issue. It had become a biological, a "scientific" problem. Ernst Haeckel, Darwin's disciple, simultaneously attacked Christianity and laid the foundations for the racist theories of National Socialism. Biological racism was as much in the "trench line" against Christianity (or any other form of theism) as Feuerbach's atheism and materialism, as Marxism, ethnic nationalism, or sectarian liberalism of an anticlerical character. There were a number of Jews in this common front and some of them viewed its triumph with considerable satisfaction. They had a dual motivation: the old and understandable animosity against Christianity under which they had been persecuted, and the fatal illusion that Jews could efface themselves, make themselves unrecognizable in a faceless, characterless common mankind—an impossible ambition for God's Chosen People. In sum, Christians have not always behaved as Christians, and Jews are not always as bright as commonly assumed.

Real Jews and genuine Christians must collaborate intimately in a religious spirit against the ever-mounting forces of evil

Thus two "strategic" errors were committed by the liberal Jews: One was to abet the many leftist political currents and the other was to weaken Christianity, forgetting that in the past the princes, monarchs, high-ranking clergy, and the Pope had been the sole protectors of Jews against mob violence and mass hatred. One Jewish legend has it that all popes are secret Jews since they "descended" from Peter, and "Peter" in Hebrew means the absolver; the legend insists that Peter absolved himself from becoming a Christian. It was, indeed, mostly the masses who were hostile toward the Jews; the elites (with some exceptions) as a rule appreciated the medical, financial, and intellectual skills and qualities of the Jews.

There were also Jews, baptized or not baptized, who were men of the Right, who fostered the cause of conservatism: Remember Benjamin Disraeli and Friedrich Stahl, the brilliant ideologue of German conservatism. We could name many more. (A. Ballin who committed suicide when his friend Wilhelm II abdicated; Walter Rathenau who tried vainly to persuade General Hans von Seeckt to restore the German monarchy after World War I; Raymond Aron, the brightest mind on the French Right.) Yet, there were and still are Jews on the Left who believe naïvely that leftist forces will protect them against Jew haters and baiters. How could Jews, always a minority, support democracy, which is the rule of the majority? Why have intelligent Jews fostered the transformation of monarchies into republics, and even advocated socialism? Both international socialism and National Socialism have come to power in republican-democratic frameworks; they have never overturned monarchies. Hitler never could have risen under the Habsburgs or the Hohenzollerns. Lenin and Trotsky triumphed against Kerensky, not Nicholas II.

Plato said in *The Republic* (VIII-IX) that tyranny, as a rule, develops from democracy. That there are people on the Right who were anti-Jewish cannot be denied. *Vide* the terrible Dreyfus affair, a typical case of anti-Semitism. Although around 1900 Jews were a tiny minority in France—there were fewer than ninety thousand of them—they were an elite. German conservatives viewed the Dreyfus affair with horror. At the height of Hitler's persecution, the forces that did the most to alleviate Jewish sufferings and to save Jewish lives were Franco, the Catholic Church (in spite of Hochhuth's bitterly critical play *The Deputy*), and many heroic individuals who thereby risked their lives.

At the end of the nineteenth century anti-Semitism claimed to have a "scientific" character. Hitler declared that National Socialism was a "popular movement with an exact scientific foundation." This movement turned with full force against Christianity. Intelligent and convinced Christians, in turn, quickly sensed that a methodical anti-Semitism was logically bound to attack Christianity. By 1945 thousands of priests had died in as well as out of concentration camps—we forget it too easily—and countless Christian Jews also perished in the Holocaust.

Still, individual Jews have frequently not realized that, in spite of all the injustices they have suffered, Christianity was, after all, the branch on which they had been sitting. Only two ghettos had never been mobbed: the papal ghettos in Rome and in Avignon. At this juncture, however, we must make a most necessary digression and ask the ques-

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tion: Is there such a thing as a natural law in the sense that we all "naturally" reject murder, lies, deceit, wanton cruelty, adultery, theft, or contempt of parents? As a world traveler and student of ethnology I deny this in the face of a certain Christian theological tradition. Agnostics and atheists in our midst subscribe, as a rule, to our ethics and would be offended if we called them sadists, thieves, or liars. By imitation, habit, or consent they conform to our morals. But are these "conventions" truly binding on them in conscience? Are they forced to accept them on a strict basis of logic and reason? Of course not. The Auca Indians in eastern Ecuador put a baby into a hole in the earth if it cries too much and then trample it to death. A young man spears a girl if she does not satisfy him sexually. Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., the great American lawyer, said, in so many words, that the condemnation of murder is a purely "municipal notion, and Hans Kelsen, the legal positivist, concludes that even the Third Reich was a *Rechtsstaat*, a truly legitimate state of law and order.

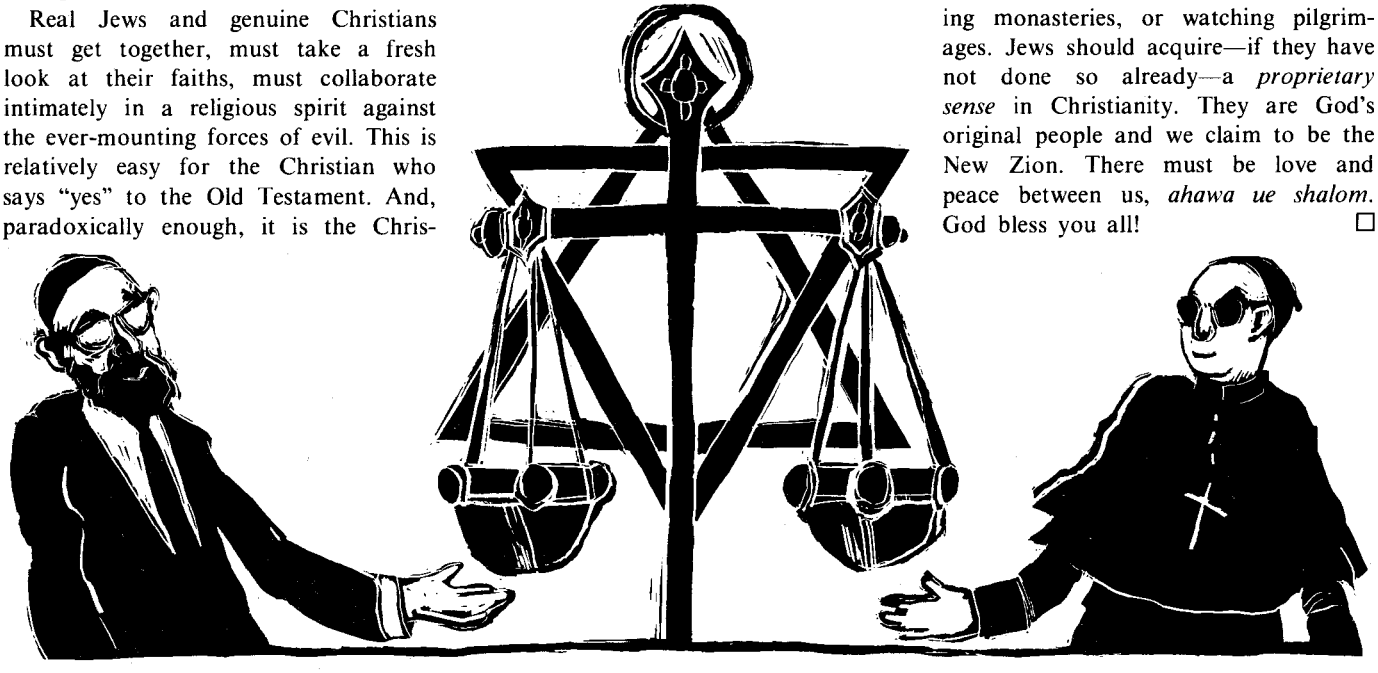
What, indeed, does happen when Christians (or even Jews) turn into Gentiles? After a certain time lag, when our ethics have become customs, the freethinkers discard them and hell breaks loose. Then we get the Gs of the three revolutions—guillotines, gallows, gaols, Gulags, and, finally, the gas chambers, all operated not by Christians but by Gentiles. *La Terreur* and Red October were just dress rehearsals for the *Endlosung*.

Real Jews and genuine Christians must get together, must take a fresh look at their faiths, must collaborate intimately in a religious spirit against the ever-mounting forces of evil. This is relatively easy for the Christian who says "yes" to the Old Testament. And, paradoxically enough, it is the Christian who insists that God in the flesh is a Jew while the Jews protest that no Jew can be God. Here lies an insoluble mystery still dividing us.

For Jews, and most of all for orthodox Jews, a positive view of Christianity is certainly most difficult, and a Christian has to respect this difficulty. Christ was indeed, as the Scriptures tell us: "To the Jews a scandal and to the Gentiles a folly." Certainly, *if* we take the Biblical account literally and seriously, then Jesus could have been one of two things: either a self-deluded megalomaniac, an evil, magical trickster, or truly the person He claimed to be: the Messiah, the son of God who is before Abraham. (Under no circumstances was He the "last and gentlest of the Jewish prophets.") Yet, Christ's divinity is a matter of faith, not of reason. When Peter declared Him to be the son of the living God, Jesus replied that this could not have been revealed to him by blood or flesh but only by God's Grace. Yet no one has the right to persecute another for the lack of such revelation.

In order to cooperate with each other in the love of God, we have, for the time being, to eschew the mystery of Christ. Here is not the place to discuss this thorny issue. We should rather ask the very American question: Where do we go from here? We have to look ahead and not back. The burning problem of working and walking together certainly should not be one of mere expediency. Such a collaboration can only be carried on in a spirit of mutual respect and affection. True, Christianity is also divided, but not as deeply as Judaism, which makes our task more difficult. (Still, Christian faiths, disregarding the law of charity, have treated each other far more ferociously than they have ever treated Jews.) However, as a Jewish friend pointed out to me, John Paul II is theologically much nearer to a Hasidic rabbi on New York's Lower East Side than that rabbi is to a deistic Reform Jew on Fifth Avenue, which complicates our hopes. A Jew might regard Christianity as the Jewish mission to the Gentiles, and in a way, he would be right. This mission surely produced the earth's greatest culture and civilization in which the Jews have always been participants. Certain verities should not be forgotten, to wit, that religion is one of the decisive elements distinguishing us from beasts, and that one religion, no matter how sincerely believed, is *not* as good as any other. The Bible, God's words, contain messages and truths that no other religion possesses in its completeness.

"If there is God, everything is possible. If there is no God, everything is permissible." We are now at a real juncture in history, at a *kairos*, a time for decision. Judaism and Christianity find themselves standing almost alone in a secularized world where every horror is imaginable. In this hour we need each other. Baal is menacing all of us. Jews may believe the foundations of Christianity rest on misunderstandings, but Christianity itself, in spite of its crisis, is a tangible reality. Certainly I would like to see Jews walking with heads unbowed into an ancient cathedral, visiting monasteries, or watching pilgrimages. Jews should acquire—if they have not done so already—a *proprietary sense* in Christianity. They are God's original people and we claim to be the New Zion. There must be love and peace between us, *ahawa ue shalom*. God bless you all! □



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At Home With . . .

William F. Rickenbacker

Poets and Pictures

WINSTON CHURCHILL came through town not long ago, in spirit but also quite in the flesh, though at one remove, for we were given the chance to inspect a variety of things he had fashioned with his own hands. This soldier-statesman-journalist-historian, whose stupendous energy led him to set courses of brick walls when he ran out of other projects, in his mid-forties took up painting, and what came through town was an exhibition of some fifty or sixty of his works.

As you might expect, Churchill approached his canvases with the same exuberance and passion he spent on oratory, politics, and war. It was thrilling to stand, as it were, in the presence of this elemental force, and all the more thrilling to share the experience with K., my friend the poet, who knows all about passion and exuberance.

And not only that, but listen to this: We had with us Mme. S., whom K. has admired for many years, and who has admired K. right back; but because of life's vicissitudes and the strange turns taken in our little histories, they never could declare themselves until the usual gauntlet had been run, you know the bits and pieces—deaths, separations, divorces. One way or another many a spouse has bit the dust, one gathers, and now as the twilight approaches one sees the survivors, two silvery heads, coalescing. So that we have not only Churchill's passion to contend with, but a poet and his lady, all in a grand state of pristine uproar.

The paintings were displayed on two floors of the gallery. We took the elevator—the size of a dumbwaiter—to the top floor, intending to work our way down in the hive, the opposite of the queen bee's procedure (which is neither here nor there but I thought I'd toss it in, for you never know when a drop of aberrant erudition might just make someone's day). Immediately the poet and his lady disappeared, so I had a look at a few pictures.

Churchill's subjects ran strongly to outdoor scenery. Although he pulled off a really pleasing still-life of liqueur bottles and cedar cigar boxes (the painting is almost aromatic), and did a comfortable interior with two female figures, everything else was landscape, and I gather that that's the rule for the whole corpus of his output. His choice of subject was a real choice, not one imposed upon him by his limitations. Unlike most amateurs, Churchill did the human figure quite adequately. He had, in fact, the makings of a portraitist. That he chose landscapes tells us something about him. He chose what was pretty or charming or lovely or lovable, surely what he loved, for his work is generous and self-effacing, the work of a lover.

I spy K., mysteriously alone, standing before a cheerful vision of an English country house, all done in quiet tones, rather dark really, except that we see the house through the branches of a delicate tree—a dogwood perhaps, or apple—which is in bloom, filling the immediate foreground with a splash of white dots. The effect is wonderful. And K. must like it, for he has clasped his hands behind him, and drawn his head back and raised his eyebrows, and he is pursing his lips. Mme. S. appears from nowhere and tugs at his sleeve, whereupon he smiles the kind of smile that makes sick people feel better, and they move off to another canvas.

The sky, the sky. You can tell if a painter has anything to say by the way he handles the sky. Beginners, amateurs, empty noodles paint the sky as they see it, light blue with white clouds, a fatal misconception. Churchill makes grand theater in his skies, crowded with dark clashing armies of thunder, shimmering with colors borrowed from the earth, fighting against the sun, letting only a finger of light pass through to touch the branch of a pine tree. He would have been a crack hand at painting stage scenery for Italian opera.

And here are Mme. S. and her poet, smiling like children. "Really quite good, isn't he," says she, "for an amateur, a gifted amateur, but still an amateur." There is so much to say, but K. says so little. I think he is absorbing everything—this is imbibing time, and later the other processes swing into action, the alembic, yielding finally the essence, in noun and verb, rhythm and melody. Could that be?

I notice the astounding accuracy and abundance of phallic symbols in Churchill's work. That white shaft of a lighthouse with reddish dome, in splendid isolation at the end of the jetty in the harbor at Nice (was it?)—goodness gracious, if that's *all* there was on the canvas, they'd run him out of town for a dirty old man, they would.

I ask K. if he thinks the lighthouse is a private joke and he gets the joke, it's a joke about one's privates, see? He smiles, and in a quiet voice says, "Oh, yes." Mme. S. says, "Everywhere, it's just everywhere!"

AMATEUR YES: The compositions are undistinguished for the most part, and the sense of rhythm is undeveloped. Churchill's colors are best when brightest, for subtlety was not in his nature at all. There is no "message" in his work, save that a certain thousand places on the earth's surface are lovely enough to take your breath away. He is uninterested in original notions, but not incapable of them: A fine rarity occurs when he stations himself on a high craggy cliff and observes, downward through the pines, a band of boys swimming from a sea-splashed rock; the horizon of the ocean appears just under the very top of the canvas; you feel pitched headlong into space; he has captured the air and the altitude. He can, now and then, impart real pleasure, but there he must stop. A chasm separates the amateur, no matter how gifted, from such reaches as the limpid brilliance of Winslow Homer's Bahamian days.

Coming out, preparing to say goodbye, we were still going through the debriefing. I happened to say, "He did it for the love of it, and that comes through and makes us happy."

And K. said: "Amo, amas, amateur," and his eyes twinkled.

You see, he had boiled the whole thing down to three words.

But then he's a professional. □

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FAT, FRAUD, & WASTE

Why Skinny Uncle Sam Looks like Fat Uncle Fred

GREG O'BRIEN

THIS IS A story about a Xerox machine that lived on the tenth floor of the building that housed my government agency. Nothing fancy, mind you, but it got the job done. In the old days, I suppose, our copier was sometimes abused. It was said, for example, that some of the secretaries had used it to run off recipes. I confess myself to having used it to copy the canceled check I was submitting to some creditor as proof that I had really paid a long-since-forgotten bill.

When the new regime took over the office, they first busied themselves with requisitioning more office space and hiring hirsute deputies who were dedicated to making ours truly a "people's agency." With all the money they were spending on additional personnel and office equipment, I was surprised one Monday morning to find that special interest was being given to our humble Xerox bill. For the next several weeks, we had to fill out and sign a form whenever we used the machine: a nuisance, perhaps, but no one contested the fairness. If it didn't altogether stop the reproduction of personal items, it certainly inhibited me. Not long after, I walked in one morning to find a new employee prettily perched atop a barstool next to our Xerox machine.

New Procedures

"If you want something copied, you'll have to go to *her*," my secretary harumphed reproachfully.

"Well, girls," I thought, "looks like the end of an era." I admit I was slightly amused. Since it was also the first sign of frugality on the part of our new masters, I also took it as a good omen.

A short while after that, they moved our copier down two flights so it could sit side by side with a more ancient, and probably more abused, model. The girl and her stool went down with it. They cleaned out an old storage room, and she set up shop running both machines. Now our secretaries rode elevators or tramped up and down stairs all day long, to their enormous disgruntlement. Yet one operator for two machines did make some economic sense, so I listened with only one sympathetic ear to the secretaries on our floor.

One day, however, I hurried down on a rush project and, to my surprise, was met by two girls who seemed to be operating a single, giant Star Wars copier.

"Are you her assistant?" I asked, amused that the technology of reproducing paper was now creating jobs where it had once eliminated them.

"No," the assistant chirped, "I'm the record keeper." She showed me a sheet that contained the tabulations of any possible number of things that might be fed into a copier.

"See," she said, "you have two pages and you want eight copies each. Well, I fill in the description column for each page and I show 16 total pages. Then I put your name over here and the names of your section and supervisor over here. We put down that it's a rush and then fill in the date and time. At the end of the day, all of these things must be tabulated—and our records are Xeroxed and sent to files, copies to Joe and Charley."

"Are you new?" I inquired.

"Oh yes," she said, "we're both CETA." That was the first time I heard that famous acronym.

A few weeks later, I passed Joe in the hallway. Joe was our ever-faithful one-man mail room.

"How are you, Joe?"

"I'm not doin' too well."

"How so?"

"They've got me in charge of the copier room. Believe me, it's not worth the raise in pay."

"You're in charge of the two girls on eight?" I asked.

"Would you believe three? Two operators and a statistician."

"How come two operators, Joe?"

"Two machines, two operators. Hey, we're busy, I'm tellin' ya."

And so they were. There must be a Parkinsonian correlation between the number of copiers and the paper fed into them. My observation was that the three of them were always cranking out paper in the two converted offices that now served as the copier room. It wasn't long after that that they hired Carl. Carl was a college graduate with a government background, and a positive genius when it came to discovering our "unmet needs"—and meeting them. Because of this talent, Carl soon found himself supervising Joe, the three girls, and the two machines. He was obviously the right man for the job, too. Carl quickly determined that the two operators could work a lot faster if someone could meet our secretaries at the copy-room door, enter the work on the form, take the work to the operators, and drop off the completed forms on the desk of the statistician, whom, by now, Carl had tabulating unbelievable quantities of miscellaneous data.

Numbers Count

When later that year the assistant statistician arrived, I had a chance to ask her what was being done with all the numbers.

"We use them at budget time," she said. "Absolutely blows away the politicians. What can they do but give us our money?"

And she was right. When they built our new Office Reproduction Center, who could deny that more space was needed to handle the incredible work load being handled by our spirited crew? Carl, Joe, Mary, Linda, Ceece, Wanda, and Francine were doing a marvelous job. Later, when the would-be budget hackers in Washington suggested cutting back CETA, the politicians were the first to scream that services would be reduced, people would suffer, and crime would go up.

Besides—in the old days, would you believe they were actually copying recipes on the agency's Xerox machine? Would you want that again? Honestly, think of the waste! □

Mr. O'Brien worked for six years as an attorney with a government agency. He is now an attorney with the Southern California Edison Company.

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Abroad

Baghdad *Up the Escalator*

The imminent arrival of five French Super-Etendard fighter planes equipped with the deadly Exocet missile of Falkland Island fame is anticipated here with ominous satisfaction. These weapons could seriously alter the character of the three-year-old Iraq-Iran war, converting its long stalemate into an international crisis. France is deeply committed to financing the Iraqi military machine, and the new aircraft will give the Iraqis an immense advantage over their opponents. Specifically, the Super-Etendards will be capable of ranging over vast stretches of the Persian Gulf. Their air-to-ship missiles, which blew more than one British warship out of the water in the South Atlantic, could do the same to the biggest of the international tankers. The planes have in-flight refueling capacity, which means they could dominate the northern Gulf and freely launch attacks on Kharg Island, where the biggest Iranian oil-loading facilities are located. Blowing up a tanker at Kharg could spark an immense conflagration. By extension, such tactics could close the narrow straits that form the mouth of the Gulf by the simple expedient of sinking ships as blockades. President Carter, while in office, said that if the straits were closed, the United States would act; nothing has happened since to change that position. Other nations' warships, notably French and British, would also inevitably be affected if supplies from the Gulf were cut off. Insurance rates would skyrocket, and commercial shipping lines would refuse to risk their property and the lives of their crews to load oil in the vicinity of the Gulf. Some observers say that the chief value of the French planes in Iraq is to blackmail Iran into settling the war that has cost Iraq so much money and prestige. Nevertheless, the introduction of so much new military potential into the area is seen as a cause for alarm.

Bogotá *Hispanidad*

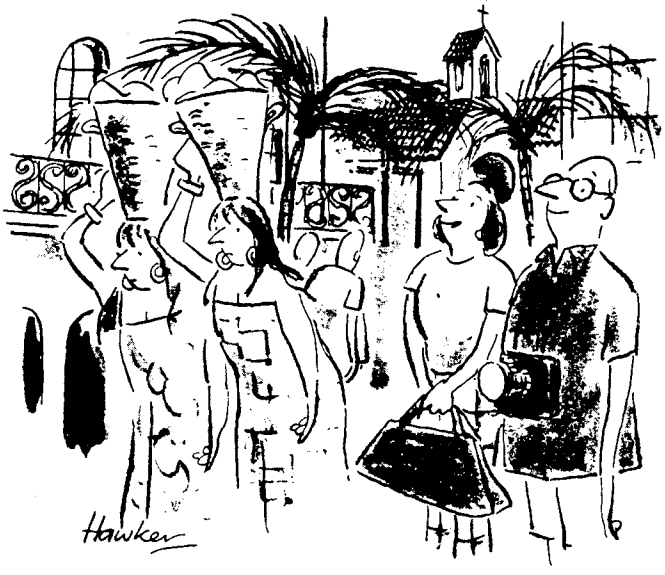
The great colonial fortress of Cartagena, the bastion and treasure house of the Spanish Main, is celebrating the 450th anniversary of its foundation by the soldiers of the Conquest. Who should be the guest of honor of the Republic of Colombia but Felipe, Prince of the Asturias and heir to the throne of Spain? Tall, slender, poised beyond his 15 years, wearing the badge of the Order of the Golden Fleece, the prince won the admiration of the descendants of his ancestors' once far-flung American empire. "You can be proud of your prince," novelist Gabriel García Márquez, not notably a royalist, told Spanish journalists. "He has carried out the duties of his father, the king, and we are proud that it is here at Cartagena that he has had his international 'coming out.'" Meanwhile the father in question, King Juan Carlos, was named winner of the first Simón Bolívar prize, given by UNESCO for outstanding contributions toward international understanding, because of his "symbolic acts on behalf of Hispanic reconciliation." The king has also traveled widely in South America. New emphasis is thus being attached to the historic, cultural, and emotional ties between Spain and its former possessions in the Western Hemisphere.

Mexico *Central American Maneuvers*

Three of the four Contadora countries, Mexico, Panama, and Venezuela—the fourth is Colombia—continue to show steady support for the Sandinista government of Nicaragua. Observers here believe that the strategy behind this attitude is to stave off any direct intervention in Nicaraguan affairs until the general staff has accumulated an extra stock of Soviet and Eastern European arms. Some even think the delay is designed to permit Castro to ferry over a stronger contingent of Cuban troops: Castro's offer to go slow in Nicaragua if the United States also de-escalates is interpreted as a classic Leninist tactic of one step backward for every two steps forward. It is considered significant, furthermore, that the four countries, while urging the government of El Salvador to deal directly with its rebels, are silent on a similar proposal with respect to Nicaragua. The Central American nations' governments are under obligation to Mexico because, under the terms of the San José treaty, Mexico and Venezuela supply them with petroleum at a 20 per cent discount.

Southampton *If You Have to Ask . . .*

King Fahd of Saudi Arabia has ordered himself a huge new yacht that is likely to be as spectacular as anything afloat. Now being fitted out under tight security here, the yacht was built up to its outer shell in Copenhagen; then it was towed here for outfitting—which alone will cost about $15 million. Named the *Abdul Azia*, the white, twin-funneled ship is close to five hundred feet long and is equipped with diesel engines that will give her a speed of 22 knots. She will have a helicopter pad, a hospital with an intensive-care unit, saunas, a swimming pool, bullet-proof portholes and windows, carved marble bathtubs with gold faucets, private apartments for the royal family, and other accommodations for sixty guests. The *Abdul Azia* is expected to sail for Arabia early next year.



Hawker, *Punch* Rothco

"And then suddenly the sun breaks through and their human-rights record doesn't seem so bad at all."

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The Daily Plebiscite

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

The Confidence Gap: Business, Labor, and Government in the Public Mind
By Seymour Martin Lipset and William Schneider
Free Press, 434 pp., $19.95

The authors are among the country's top political scientists, cartographers of the public mind in America. What they have to say on the basis of their examination of survey data concerning the beliefs and perceptions of the American people is important. They are asking the most pressing question that all polities must answer each day, as if, to use Renan's phrase, by a daily plebiscite: Is there a legitimacy crisis in the United States?

Lipset elsewhere defines legitimacy as "the capacity of the system to engender and maintain the belief that the existing political institutions are the most appropriate ones for the society." Between the two world wars, there were tests of legitimacy in Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain (and, earlier, in Czarist Russia), with tragic consequences. The same test of legitimacy occurred in the United States and Great Britain, both of which suffered the same world economic crisis, but their systems survived more or less intact.

The evidence, say the authors, is strong that "Americans retain faith in their social system [but] it would be wrong not to indicate our belief that the situation is much more *brittle* than it was at the end of the 1920s, just before the Great Depression, or in 1965, immediately preceding the unrest occasioned by the Vietnam War and the outbreak of racial tension."

Today, in the 1980s, there is a lower reserve of confidence in the ability of institutional leaders—in government, business, labor, and religion, among others—to "deal with the problems of the polity, the society, and the economy than at any time in this century." The country's institutional structure is "less resilient than in the past." In the event of a new major crisis, "the outcome could very well be substantial support for movements seeking to change the system in a fundamental way." The Lipset-Schneider analysis of comparative polls over four decades demonstrates that any serious setbacks in the economy or in foreign policy, with concomitant failure of leadership, "would raise greater risks of a loss of legitimacy now than at any time in this century."

These are ominous findings by two social scientists with impeccable credentials and a rare ability to separate personal beliefs and ideologies from their science. (Professor Lipset is at Stanford University and the Hoover Institution. Dr. Schneider is a Resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.) Although Lipset and Schneider are careful in drawing up the indictment, they are quite clear that the media, and, most of all, television, intensify each crisis so that every situation appears progressively worse than it did the night before. There are no TV cameras in Afghanistan but lots of them in Central America. There are no TV interviews with Andrei Sakharov in Gorki but lots of interviews with the opposition in Chile and the Philippines. There are no press conferences with Yuri Andropov, and if there were it's hard to imagine that the questions asked would be as free-wheeling and as adversarial as those asked at Reagan press conferences by the public prosecutors whose lapel IDs mistakenly identify them as journalists.

THE AUTHORS quote Professor Michael Robinson, a student of television news, as saying that television, in particular, has an inherent bias toward reporting negative and critical information. Robinson calls this bias and its aftereffects "video malaise." The biases of the news media, especially television, "may have exacerbated the impression of a negative turn of events," say Lipset and Schneider. However, they do not argue that the problems we face are "solely or primarily a result of the way the media handle the news." The number of Americans who, according to the polls, believe that "you cannot trust the government in Washington to do what is right most of the time" increased from 22 per cent in 1964 to 73 per cent in 1980. The sequence of crises—the Kennedy assassinations, the Vietnam War, the protest movements, Watergate, exposés of corruption in high places, the violence and riots in American cities, the energy crunch, and the mid-decade recession—was real, with or without television. Nevertheless, television news has helped sustain the loss of confidence in American institutions.

For the moment, say the authors,

Arnold Beichman *is the co-author of* Yuri Andropov: A Political Biography, *published recently by Stein & Day. He is currently a visiting scholar at the Hoover Institution. . . .* **Jeffrey Hart**'s *most recent book is* When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties. . . . **William McGurn** *is Assistant Managing Editor of* The American Spectator. . . . **John O'Keefe**, *a geophysicist at NASA-Goddard in Maryland, is currently Visiting Professor at Alfred University in New York. He is the author of a book,* Tektites and Their Origin, *and numerous articles.*

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Americans still believe in the legitimacy and vitality of the American system, but "what bothers the public is the apparent growth of concentrations of power and the cynical, self-interested abuse of power by government, business, and labor leaders." The faith in America, the recent polls show, is great. More than 90 per cent of those polled said that the United States is "the very best place in the world to live"; about 80 per cent answered that they were "extremely proud . . . to be an American." A poll of blacks showed 86 per cent of the respondents believed that the U.S. is the best place in the world to live and 64 per cent were "extremely proud" to be Americans, while 29 per cent said "somewhat proud" and only 5 per cent said "not proud at all."

I have a small bone to pick with the authors, whose book is a masterly job of research and fascinating analytical insight: I wish they had taken into consideration another public-opinion poll, namely, what happened on the stock exchanges starting mid-August 1982, when stocks took off and the Dow index rose 50 per cent, the U.S. dollar became the darling of the world currency markets, and 100-million-share days went from page one back to the financial section. In a way, such phenomena are also some kind of vote of confidence in something. Or perhaps it's like the story of the investor who asks his Wall Street broker how he feels about the Market. "Well, I'm very optimistic," is the reply. "Why, then," asks the investor, "do you look so worried?" "Because," says the broker, "I'm not sure my optimism is justified." □

The Hidden-Hand Presidency: Eisenhower as Leader
By Fred I. Greenstein
Basic, 286 pp., $16.95

WHO WAS EISENHOWER?

JEFFREY HART

Professor Fred I. Greenstein of Princeton has written a deliberately circumscribed book, but the sharp focus serves its intellectual intensity. He does not here assess President Eisenhower's policy objectives: He examines Eisenhower's management of the institution of the Presidency. Machiavelli would have read *The Hidden-Hand Presidency* with total admiration.

In doing the research for my own recent book about the Fifties, I had to conclude that Eisenhower was among our greatest Presidents. I had had some reservations. He seems to me to have been "old-fashioned." He did not really understand the revolutionary era he was living in. He did not understand the symbolism of Sputnik in world society—he thought one atomic-tipped nose cone was more important—and he responded inadequately to the Hungarian uprising: Why no Hungarian "government in exile"? (Why, as a matter of fact, none yet?) Eisenhower, like Grant, believed in fire-power. He was foreign to the world of Dostoyevsky, Kafka, agitprop, disinformation, the world of revolutionary meta-logic.

But he was formidable. In a survey of recent Eisenhower scholarship published in *The New Republic*, the historian Stephen Ambrose put the issue strongly: "Since Andrew Jackson left the White House in 1837, 33 men have served as President of the United States. Of that number, only four have managed to serve eight consecutive years in office—Ulysses Grant, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Dwight Eisenhower. Of these four, only two were also world figures in a field outside politics—Grant and Eisenhower—and only two had a higher reputation and a broader popularity when they left office than when they entered—Roosevelt and Eisenhower. . . . Shortly after Ike left office, a group of leading American historians was asked to rate the Presidents. Ike came in near the bottom of the poll. That result was primarily a reflection of how enamored the professors were with FDR and Harry Truman and, I would add, with the new Kennedy Administration. Today, those same historians would compare Ike with his successors rather than with his predecessors and place him in the top ten, if not in the top five, of all our Presidents." Speaking for myself, and with the reservations already noted, I would place him in the top two—right after Washington. Professor Greenstein's book addresses the question: How did he do it?

The substantive record is pretty impressive. Under Eisenhower, the federal budget was actually balanced three times, and otherwise ran tiny deficits. Inflation during those years raged along at a yearly average of 1.5 per cent. Employment was high. Consumption—LP records, homes, cars, TV sets—boomed. Of course, Eisenhower was not responsible for all of that, but at least he did not get in the way of it. He held "social spending" down.

Eisenhower was an extremely tough cookie, not all that attractive or lovable in direct contact. He brought the Korean War to an end by letting the Chinese know that they might suffer an atomic attack. His enemies fell like grass: Taft, McCarthy, Jácobo Arbenz, Patrice Lumumba—even Stevenson died early, as if from the weariness of opposing a force of nature. When Eisenhower told the National Security Council to "get rid" of Lumumba, the Congolese madman/Soviet stooge was . . . well, finished off. The Guatemalan Allende, Arbenz, was also scrubbed from the board. There are a couple of

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: *Japan against the World, 1941-2041: The 100-Year War for Supremacy* (Stein & Day, $16.95), by Russell Braddon, argues that the spirit which has produced an economic miracle of the first magnitude over the last 35 years is the same spirit that produced the Japanese quest for hegemony in World War II. By the year 2000, Braddon believes, Japan will be the world's richest nation—a situation that would entail profound consequences for everyone, especially the United States.

Edward Bennett Williams for the Defense (Harper & Row, $20), by Robert Pack, is a professional biography of the attorney who grew up poor in Hartford, Connecticut, to become counsel for Joe McCarthy, Jimmy Hoffa, and other famous and infamous clients. . . . Gerry Spence's new book is *Of Murder and Madness* (Doubleday, $17.95), an account of Spence's successful efforts some years ago to get a client—an unemployed Mexican-American laborer in Rawlins, Wyoming—acquitted on an insanity plea.

Martin Gilbert's *The Finest Hour: Volume VI: 1939-41* (Houghton Mifflin, $40) is the latest Churchill biography in an authorized series the first two of which were written by Randolph Churchill. It covers the 28-month period between Churchill's return to government in 1939 and the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, when his greatest efforts were devoted to the struggle to "drag the U.S. in," as he himself put it.

Selected Poems (Norton, $15), by Boris Pasternak, translated by Jon Stallworthy and Peter France, is a finely edited volume containing much of the best of one of Russia's greatest poets.

Vita: The Life of Vita Sackville-West (Knopf, $22.50), by Victoria Glendenning, is an interesting biography of the English poet who was also wife to Sir Harold Nicolson. Admirers of Harold's diaries and their son Nigel's *Portrait of a Marriage* will not wish to miss this book.

—CW

sentences in Professor Greenstein's book that seem to regret this kind of thing. Eisenhower would have thought them sentimental.

But Professor Greenstein delves deeply and analytically into the Eisenhower phenomenon, and he has gone a great distance toward explaining how Eisenhower managed what the professor calls "this unexpectedly fascinating Presidency." During the past twenty years, a great deal of material has become available—diaries, government memos, the papers of press secretary James Hagerty—and Professor Greenstein has drawn upon it to establish what everyone with a modicum of common sense knew intuitively. There was "Ike," the benign public figure; and then there was "Eisenhower," something entirely different.

The institution of the Presidency has a built-in contradiction; Greenstein argues convincingly that Eisenhower managed to solve it. On the one hand, the President is a kind of monarch. He is the head of state, and he embodies the national unity. On the other, he is a political leader and, necessarily, a tough infighter.

Eisenhower created the "Ike" of the benevolent grin and the rambling old-shoe syntax to fill the head-of-state role. He was a master of tough manipulation in his political role. Greenstein makes it implicit that no one since Franklin Roosevelt has managed the dual role so well. Nixon once told me the following anecdote, which supports Professor Greenstein's thesis. Former President Eisenhower told Nixon that at a press conference one had to "hesitate"—even if one had answered the same question a thousand times. Hesitating made one look thoughtful and concerned, and it established communion with the audience, many of whom were hearing the question for the first time. Rattling off an answer would look, to them, facile. This raises the question, not directly answered by Greenstein, of exactly how consciously Eisenhower manipulated his image.

But, implicitly here, the answer is: Very consciously. If Ike grinned and rose above the battle, subordinates did the ugly jobs. It was Tom Dewey who tried to get Nixon off the ticket after the fund business in 1952. It was Nixon himself who delivered the key declaration of war against McCarthy. It was Len Hall who made it clear to Sherman Adams that he had to pack his bags. Ike smiled, others slashed.

He was formidably intelligent. We are not surprised to learn that Eisenhower "rose to service-wide visibility because he graduated first in a class of 275 officers in 1926 in the Army's elite Command and General Staff School." And, despite the legendary syntax—in fact, everyone knew what he was really saying—"his confidential writings display geometric precision in stating the basic considerations shaping a problem, deducing their implications, and weighing the costs and benefits of alternative possible responses." Eisenhower was astonished, for example, when, in the wake of Tet, LBJ halted the bombing of North Vietnam without any quid pro quo from the other side, and Eisenhower's written analysis of that mistake, which I have seen here for the first time, allows us to view policymaking through his clear—often icily clear—mental lens. In my political fantasies, I am not particularly afraid of figures like Hitler, Stalin, Mao, or Mussolini. They were for the most part predictable and unsubtle. But I would not want Eisenhower for a political enemy.

STILL, Eisenhower's successful "hidden hand" political method did, through its very success, cost him something. Since he *appeared* to be above the battle, people widely believed that he was a golfer. In fact, he played some golf and read detective stories before going to sleep in order to give his restless mind some moments of relaxation. But the benign image he so carefully sculpted led the genuinely indolent, and ill, John Kennedy to run as an "activist" candidate in 1960, a man who would "get the country moving again."

In 1960, Eisenhower was asked at a press conference what major ideas then-Vice President Nixon had contributed to his Administration. Evidently not feeling benign that day, Eisenhower kicked Nixon in the teeth. "If you give me a week," he replied, "I might think of one." There, momentarily, you get a sense of Eisenhower's warm heart. But his sentence might as well be applied to the presidential achievements of his glamorous successor, who asked that the "torch be passed to a new generation." What were Kennedy's accomplishments? "If you give me a week, I might think of one." □

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Stolen Church: Martyrdom in Communist Rumania
By Fr. Alexander Ratiu and Fr. William Virtue
Our Sunday Visitor, 192 pp., $4.95

CHURCH OF SILENCE

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Conservatives are often accused of overreaction against Communism, but the charge typically comes from people who have had their freedom too easily to appreciate it deeply. I have often seen this charge made from the editorial perches of the *New York Times*, but I have never heard it from the lips of any soul who has actually lived under Communism. The refugees I have talked to (and anyone who gets out is likely to qualify as a refugee) generally seem to despair of communicating their experience even to a sympathetic listener. Time and again I find that I have *not comprehended*. I want to understand what they have been through; and I can't.

No book can convey more than a faint and faded sense of the horror of living under the cruelty, terror, stupidity, rigidity, unpredictability, mendacity, shrillness, and, of course, poverty typical of Communist regimes. *The Gulag Archipelago* gives a panorama, full of gallows humor. And there are such vivid personal memoirs as Victor Herman's *Coming Out of the Ice*, wherein Herman, a man of the most incredible toughness, recalls a Soviet labor camp so frigid and arduous that he survived only by such means as catching a rat in the camp latrine every day and eating it, as often as not, raw. (This furtive supplement to the camp cuisine was so welcome that he says his mouth still waters when he remembers the taste.)

There is also abundant testimony about the plight of Christians under Communism, but most of it has been effectively kept out of the main avenues of publishing and broadcasting. One cannot say that Christians in general have done much to counteract the filtering process of the media. To the typical clergyman or bishop, one feels, "speaking out" means enthusiastically echoing the fashionable secular liberalism, not protesting the torment of Christians in China or in the Soviet bloc, who are consequently left to choose between obscure martyrdom and apostasy. Yet despite their abandonment by fellow Christians in the West, a remarkable number have risked and even embraced the most agonizing deaths.

The story of Protestants in Rumania has been movingly told by Richard Wurmbrand in his book *Tortured for Christ*. Father Alexander Ratiu tells the story of Byzantine-rite Catholics in *Stolen Church*, published by the press of *Our Sunday Visitor*. It is a spare and succinct account of how Communism tried to destroy the uniate Catholic churches—those that had reunited with Rome at the end of the seventeenth century while retaining various Eastern liturgies and disciplines—by forcing them to rejoin the nationalized Orthodox Church.

A number of the uniate priests submitted, but none of the Rumanian bishops did. Several died in prison; others, their health destroyed, died soon after their release, usually granted just in time to avoid the appearance of martyrdom. Father Ratiu himself spent 16 years in prison, in labor camps, and under house arrest. Eventually he was able to emigrate to the United States.

About half of *Stolen Church* recounts his own experience—the confinement, threats, meager diet, sadistic beatings, wretched hygiene, lack of medical care, ban on communication, and killing labor. He watched those around

"Fascinating!
Well-written...an exceedingly interesting plot...A book you can't put down." —SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER
"Such clarity and truthfulness!
An amazingly accurate description of the everyday life, human relations and psychological characters existing in the Soviet bloc countries."—VLADIMIR BUKOVSKY, Soviet dissident and Civil Rights activist
"Enthralling and fascinating!" —DR. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG, Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy, Fordham University
"A splendid espionage story!" —MARY HIGGINS CLARK, author of *The Cradle Will Fall*
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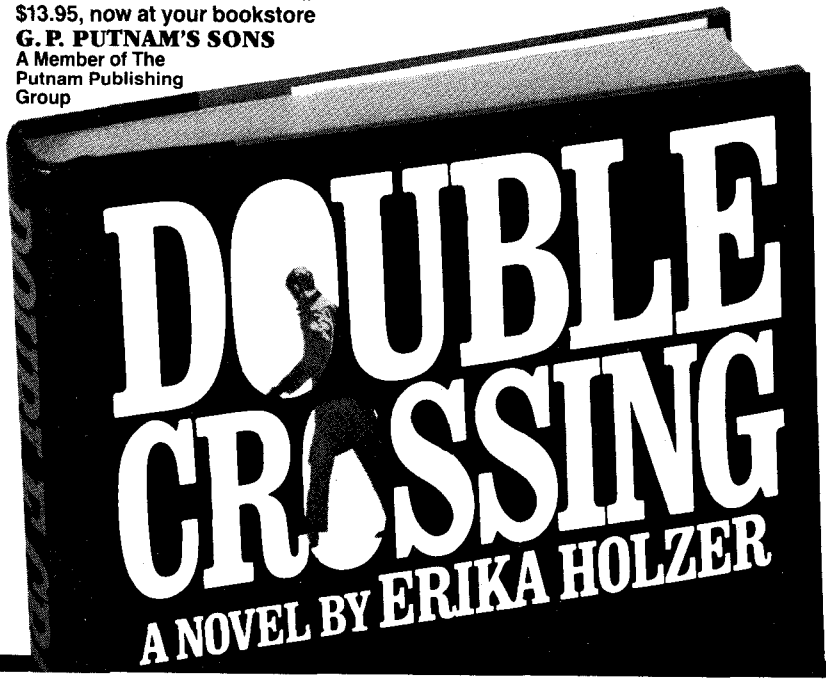

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him despair and die almost routinely. He expresses his own emotions mostly by quoting the Psalms: "The bread I eat is ashes; my drink is mingled with tears." The Communists use food itself as a means of torture: They serve prisoners portions so small as to aggravate hunger rather than appease it.

Father Ratiu devotes a later section of the book to an argument for the papacy as the great preserver of Christian independence against those who, by seeking a "national" identity for the Church, would subordinate it to state power and local secular influences, a process that can go on to some extent without a Henry VIII or a Stalin directly seizing control—as witness the behavior of many American Catholics today, some of whom actually profess their enthusiasm for a distinctively "American"—and non-papal—church.

But the most astonishing part of the book is a short chapter on a brainwashing program at Pitesti. There are few accounts of this somewhat mysterious episode: Those who escaped to the West cannot even tell their story without becoming "nauseated and unnerved." One doctor says: "The satanic rape of the psyches of a thousand Christian boys is a thousand times worse than the horrors I witnessed as a prisoner in the concentration camp of Buchenwald."

THE YOUTHS were brought to Pitesti, a maximum security prison, and forced to undergo a regimen of several months consisting of physical torture, indoctrination, and self-degradation, including blasphemy, deviant sexual acts, and eating feces. The pain and exhaustion alone were enough to shatter them; but they were also forced to invent and recite obscene autobiographies reviling themselves and their parents. Upon completion of this unspeakable program, they were required to implicate themselves even more completely by trapping fellow students into the program; disobedience would be punished by being forced to undergo the whole experience all over again. Some were completely destroyed by this diabolical experiment. Even the regime finally felt compelled to disown it by executing the director who had been compliant enough to see it carried out. Years after Pitesti was closed it was the epicenter of an earthquake.

All this has somehow failed to engage the interest of Western Christians, conspicuously including those who are most vocal for social justice, disarmament, and peace. Shortly before his death, one of Rumania's clandestine bishops, Julius Hirtea, who had spent many years in prison, wrote to Father Ratiu: "It is not we who keep silence here. It is not we who are the Church of Silence, but the members of the Church in the free world who are the real Church of Silence, for they do not speak out on our behalf." □

Along the Edge of the Forest: An Iron Curtain Journey
By Anthony Bailey
Random House, 332 pp., $15.95

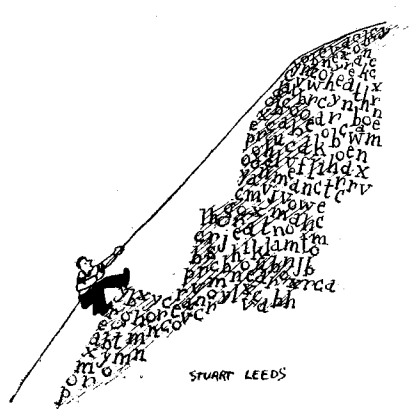
BORDER BUSINESS

WILLIAM McGURN

Few things on this earth jar the human mind more than the Berlin Wall. Long and bleak, with no pretense of fading softly into the background, it has about its very being a perverse sort of sacramental power. Most visitors, upon seeing it for the first time, cannot admit it into their minds without first patting it, running their hands over the flat, roughish cement. In a literal way, to touch is to know.

Journalist Anthony Bailey's reportage, in *Along the Edge*, is the closest verbal equivalent of touch. His 332 pages chronicle his leisurely trip along the border of Eastern Europe, a journey he began at the Baltic and concluded in Trieste, weaving back and forth across the Iron Curtain. Throughout this elegantly crafted work, segments of which appeared in *The New Yorker*, Bailey's ability to breathe life into his people and landscapes is greatly enhanced by his English gift for irony.

Yet in the end, it is his flawless prose



that enchants, a skill doubtless honed by 11 other books and innumerable articles written over the past twenty-odd years. Consider his opening lines:

> At twilight on the north coast of Germany, facing out on what we call the Baltic and the Germans call the East Sea, the thickening darkness where sky and water merge is brought into focus by lights—small, wavering pinpricks of light where ships are. Among such vessels are East German patrol boats, forced by the rules of the sea to announce their watchful presence not only to the other ships but to anyone along the northern shore of the German Democratic Republic who might be thinking of that expanse—that seemingly open, free element—as a way of escape.

And this on his first entrance into East Berlin:

> I grew up in the neighborhood of a castle, with Roman walls and a Norman keep. I used to play in and around it, putting myself and my friends in the roles of attackers and defenders. But until this morning, I had never imagined what it was like to approach the castle as a peaceful stranger—the walls and towers apparently unmanned, though you knew there were watchful people within; the drawbridge raised; the feeling of hidden arrows aimed or oil being brought to the boil, for pouring down on attacking forces.

This omnipresent unease, the feeling of "binoculars at the back of my neck," is a recurring theme. Though the book has no photographs, its cover is, appropriately, the stark green outline of a watchtower and a machine gun.

What makes *Along the Edge* so very unusual is the refreshing lack of *mea culpas* on behalf of the West. Too often, analyses of the respective shortcomings of East and West dissolve into a you-have-your-problems-and-we-have-ours relativism; Bailey will have none of it. Though he does not hesitate to enumerate the relative freedoms Yugoslavia has compared to other Soviet satellites, he "has to add that there doesn't appear to be anything like a Western toleration of opposition or dissent." In other words, the East-West difference is one of kind, not of degree.

But if Bailey's ability to make the needed (and often overlooked) distinction is in evidence here, its broader roots lie in his obvious relish for things human. Rarely is he alone in this book: Chapter by chapter he looks up acquaintances, officials, shopkeepers, students, and the like; Western border guards of the various police and military forces

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seem especially grateful for the chance to indulge in some engaging provincialism. Peter Lemke was typical of these, hardly your Cold Warrior type. When two of the DDR's special *Aufklärer* troops popped out of some border shrubbery to snap his and Bailey's photographs, he was almost amused. "He's delighted to see you," Lemke explained to Bailey. "He'll get good marks for this—reporting on a new face, someone in civilian clothes at the border. They'll start a file on you."

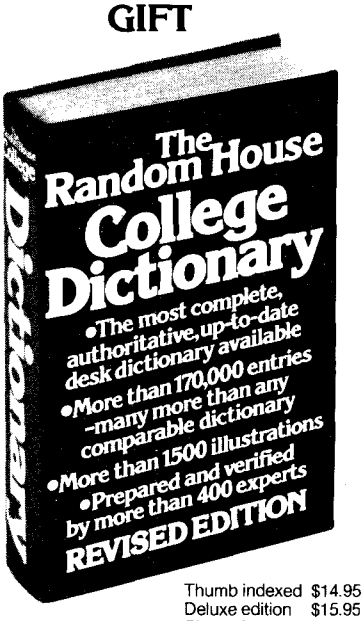
AND THERE are serious moments. Bailey interviews the Wetzel family, whose dramatic 1979 escape with the Strelzik family via a homemade balloon was the subject of the film *Night Crossing*. He comments on the crosses next to the Reichstag on the River Spree, commemorating those killed in the attempt to swim to freedom. And he relates the story of Michael Gartenschläger, a restless DDR dissident who, ransomed from prison by the Bonn government, spent the rest of his life waging a personal war with the East. When the DDR installed SM-70s along the Wall—automatically triggered shotguns—Gartenschläger was determined to get one for the West. He got two, and could not resist the challenge of a third. He was killed in the attempt. The following morning, sleeping bags were spotted in a clearing where East German troops had spent the night, waiting for the victim they knew would be back.

Along the Edge is like this throughout, offering vignettes of everyone from frustrated Hungarian girls to Berlin café owners. Bailey meets a woman who has made a business at the border of minding goods the East Germans refuse to allow in. He reports with some relish how Russian soldiers do not like to drive through West Germany in marked cars, because they are pelted with rubbish; he mentions the tendency of some Westerners to attribute more virtue to their Eastern brethren because of the latters' suffering. He mentions too that among the assorted drunkards, daredevils, and criminals who have attempted to crash the Wall from the West was an ape named Charlie—who, like most of the others, was returned. Echoing Marx (Groucho, that is), the DDR apparently does not confer membership upon just anyone.

Given all this, aren't there any flaws? Alas, yes, there are, and they come as nasty little bumps on an otherwise smooth ride. At times Bailey can be wishy-washy preachy, as in a rather superficial aside about the neutron bomb. Then again, near the end, he suggests the problem is that we've just not negotiated hard enough with the Soviets. Despite his large stores of common sense, it does not seem to occur to Bailey that without the Pershing and cruise missiles there wouldn't be any negotiating at all.

"He that would travel for the entertainment of others," wrote Dr. Johnson, "should remember that the great object of remark is human life." It is a lesson Mr. Bailey has learned well. He takes people as they come and lets them speak as they may, all without any attempt to iron out the numerous paradoxes, curiosities, and contradictions that inevitably arise. The result is exactly what the book claims, the story of life along the Iron Curtain, of normal routines spiced occasionally with high drama and low comedy—all, as befits the human condition, under the shadow of tragedy. Mr. Bailey is that rarest of authors: the one who leaves well enough alone. □

THE Smart GIFT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The Shroud of Turin
By John H. Heller
Houghton Mifflin, 225 pp., $15.95

AN ENWRAPT ENIGMA

J. A. O'KEEFE

The Shroud of Turin is a linen cloth 14 feet long by 3½ feet wide with a known history of some six hundred years. Tradition holds that it is the actual cloth used when Christ was laid in the tomb. This book reports on an investigation of the authenticity of the Shroud by forty scientists (chiefly mathematicians, physicists, chemists, biologists, and physicians) led by John Jackson, a physicist.

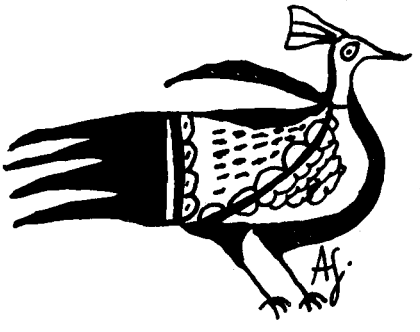
The scientists are in no sense cranks; they are competent and serious, many of them authorities in their fields. Most came to the investigation with a strong feeling that this was some kind of forgery and with the confidence that their particular discipline could expose it. In the course of the inquiry they were formed into a scientific team, with rigorous standards of thoroughness and integrity, and strong feelings of mutual respect.

The Shroud is locked up in the Cathedral of St. John in Turin and exhibited only at rare intervals (half a dozen per century); most of the data for this book came from a viewing in 1978, which lasted only a few days. At that time the team examined the Shroud with a broad range of wave lengths of light (infrared to X-ray); they also secured small pieces of thread and material adhering to the cloth by going over it with sticky tape. The Shroud has two kinds of markings on it (apart from water stains, burns, fold marks, and other scars of its long history). One is a kind of stain that appears to be blood, located in the anatomically correct positions for a man who died as described in the Gospels: scourged, crowned with thorns, nailed to a cross, and pierced with a lance. The other is a faint image of a body. The corpse appears to have been laid on half of the linen, with the other half drawn over it; thus one set of stains and image are of the front, the other of the back.

A major effort was directed at examining the apparent bloodstains. The effort was greatly stimulated when Dr. Walter McCrone, not a member of the group, got hold of the sticky tapes from the stained parts of the Shroud and announced that the stains were iron oxide and that the image was made by fingerpainting. Dr. McCrone is well known, especially for his finding that the Yale map of Vinland was a forgery.

The Shroud team was shocked and challenged; Heller was its hematology expert, and his book is at its best when describing the intense effort and the ingenuity of the team's response. At first, Heller says, McCrone did not turn over the tapes that had picked up the stain; but on other tapes, those not believed to hold any stain, Heller found a number of tiny quantities amounting to just under one-billionth of a gram. From this, by a series of brilliant analyses, he obtained a spectrum showing a characteristic absorption in the violet that clearly indicated blood. Soon afterward, three members of the team visited McCrone's laboratory and returned with tapes that carried "relatively huge" amounts of the stain. With this material, Heller and his colleagues put together a dozen tests that, he believes, demonstrate beyond doubt that the stains are blood and that it is human blood. The position of the stains is anatomically accurate; it is essentially impossible to doubt that a man about 5 feet 11 inches tall was crucified as described in the Gospels and was laid on the Shroud, which was then pulled over him. The real puzzle is the image.

THE IMAGE is like no ordinary picture; it is dark where the body touched the Shroud (e.g., the nose) and lighter where the body is a few centimeters from the linen surface (e.g., the eyes). A group from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, applying some of the image-analysis methods used in interpreting photographs of the planets, found that when the computer is instructed to assume that a certain image darkness corresponds to a particular distance below the Shroud surface, it will produce an array of coordinates in three dimensions from which it can calculate views from various angles. The result for the Shroud was remarkably lifelike; it was this success, obtained from photographs taken in 1973, that gave the initial impetus to the project.



An image-analyzing computer was also used to search for the effects that necessarily result from the use of a brush. The brush normally colors the canvas only when it moves; hence in a given brush stroke, the minute details all point in the same direction, which is detectable by certain types of image analysis. When this technique was applied to the image on the Shroud, no trace of brush work was evident. The image is like a photograph; it does not seem in any way to have been made by a human hand. The team's exhaustive series of chemical tests also failed to find any pigments associated with the image. Furthermore they showed that in the image areas the tiny fibers of the linen have not become matted together as they would have if any liquid had been used to carry the pigment—oil, water, acid, or blood.

The image, they found, is carried by the linen fibers themselves. The fibers have been altered in some way that turned them from white to straw yellow. If the process was chemical, it was like that of sulphuric acid, which oxidizes and removes water. If it was physical, it was like a strong heating, not like the effect of radioactivity. No one has a convincing explanation for the image. We usually think of photography as dating only from the 1830s, but here is a photographic image apparently produced by some physical or chemical process at least six hundred years old.

Is it indeed the cloth on which Christ's body was laid? It takes Heller a whole book to explain where the answer to that question now stands. Nothing has been found to prove that it is *not* the actual Shroud; that fact at least is significant in view of the thoroughness and determination of the work. Heller makes it very clear that most people—including these scientists—underestimated the complexity and difficulty of the problem: We are all too much inclined to discount our cultural inheritance. We are like the scientists of the Enlightenment who routinely threw away meteorites because they had usually been brought in by priests and because everybody knew that stones

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cannot fall from the sky. Heller calls this attitude hubris.

Heller's style is colloquial and exuberant. He has confined himself to the scientific issues; he offers no discussion of theological issues nor even of such human points as the pain of crucifixion. He concentrates instead on the performance of a team of competent men and women probing an intriguing problem. Few books give a better idea of modern science at its best. □

Ancient Evenings
By Norman Mailer
Little, Brown, 709 pp., $19.95

THE NAKED AND THE MUMMIFIED

D. KEITH MANO

It's like going for brain dialysis, this book. You don't read, you sort of marinate in the prose. And why, I hear someone ask, why did Norman Mailer—*our* Norman, our Brooklyn Jewish Norman—write 709 pages about Pharaonic Egypt circa 1290-1100 B.C.? Let me stick the plausible answers on your flannelboard. a) Norman, I suspect, wanted his big novel (which has been longer in coming than a Vatican annulment) to be as different as possible from previous Mailer fiction—that way no easy snide comparison would get made ("Mr. Mailer has written *The Naked and the Mummified*."). b) He thought that subject matter drawn from elaborate and arcane (and, yes, impressive) historical research would leave pure literary criticism insecure, out of its competence. c) And most determinative: Norman was obliged to relocate in a non-Judaeo-Christian neighborhood where his extreme and strenuously morbid agenda—incest, fecal compulsion, tomb rot, lurid magic, cruel and unutterable punishment, super-absolute power, Lincoln-log-style buggering, even, Lord help us, navel amputation—was more commonplace than Spandex is today. Set in, say, 1980, those little accent pieces might've seemed obsessive, pathological, and preposterous. In 1250 B.C. they appear just obsessive and pathological. The Ramesside dynasty was cockamamie-er than even Norman is.

Menenhetet I, your protagonist and tour guide here, has learned how to rebeget himself on a woman at his moment of death. (Mistress or wife or whore will then become mother as well. In a case like that, of course, your standard Oedipus complex would imply suicide, right? Right? Oh, forget it.) So far MI has had four lives, twice as confidant to Cecil B. DeMille-sized Pharaoh Rameses II. Most of the novel is his quadruple autobiography—told to Rameses IX, to granddaughter/mistress, to her brother/husband, and to their (maybe) child. Often via telepathy: a spiritual trunk line through which Norman can alternate first person, third person, and spoken-aloud narrative. All this is recounted in one evening—which, for length, would have to place Egypt just north of Antarctica.

But "evening" (as in *Ancient Evenings*) is at least a pun. One thing you have to accept about Norman Mailer: for all that cocksure macho and room-temperature atheism and apparent self-assurance, he remains romantic, fatalistic, and, even more, flat-out superstitious. His chief God, I think, is Maat, "so devoted to the smallest measure of balance that she chose a feather for her face." Fecal matter, most abhorrent, can become supreme magic. If Rameses II buggered Menenhetet by force, then Menenhetet will ram his queen. No particular lesson—except pessimistic Eastern humility—is taught in this evening-up. Gods themselves are interchangeable: Ra might be Amon or Osiris or Ptah, depending on your frequency-modulation switch, I guess.

B.C., it would seem, means Before Conscience. This is, distinctively, a novel without moral freight such as we know it. I don't judge here: I admire. Mailer has created (if you trust his historicity) a subtle and pervasive Egyptian Weltanschauung. Menenhetet, I suppose, would have understood Boolean algebra better than he would Mother Teresa. In 709 pages I doubt if good or evil is consulted more than once per hundred. Power = good. Weakness = bad. The Nile is good because it will fertilize. Pharaoh must be good because, hell, he can chop your head into a mixed grill. "Purity and goodness were worth less to Osiris than strength. Menenhetet would not be used because he was a good man but because he was a strong one." Fear (or retaliation) might still inspire, but guilt, that quintessential Judaeo-Christian annoyance, hasn't yet been invented. In this especially *Ancient Evenings* will intrigue the soul. On no page, though, has Mailer stump-preached it: his fiction simply macerates your ethical bone.

So, is it an important novel? Often. Norman hasn't cheated at all. You're not buying another help-pay-my-alimony wind farm this time. And no one can cattle-drive the big English sentence better: his prose, despite some Oriental affectations, is a full blood meal. Often, too, though, it will bore you. Norman's mania for ceremonial punctilio and the haute cuisine of necromancy could make Leviticus seem faster than Robert Ludlum by contrast. Yet I found his eldritch, otherworld conclusion moving in a terrific under-my-breastbone sense. There is something supremely and *daily* heroic about people who survive, who flourish even, in this unkind, irrational, and grace-deprived Egyptian world. *Ancient Evenings* is half mad, half brilliant: an enormity in each sense of that word. Serious work, could be the most serious, by someone whose fiction (unlike his left-liberal-chic nonfiction) has been consistently underestimated. Perhaps since that WWII novel Norman, another Menehetet, has been trying overhard to father himself on us. But we have, each of us, reached the literary age of consent. □

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FILM

SIMPLE, BUT NOT GOOD

JOHN SIMON

E. L. Doctorow has adapted his novel *The Book of Daniel* into the movie *Daniel*, which Sidney Lumet has directed. Even mere skimming reveals the book to be superior to the movie, but I have trouble with both. Doctorow likes to mix fact and fiction, real people in imaginary situations and imaginary characters in situations derived from historic reality, a mode he further refined in his later fiction. This is not a new device; indeed, *Ragtime* is an updated retelling of Kleist's novella, *Michael Kohlhaas*, in which Martin Luther is one of the actors in a totally fictitious drama. But what works for, say, Kleist doesn't seem to work for Doctorow. It may be just a matter of genius being able to get away with more than mere talent can; probably, however, it is also a question of how and in what proportions fact and fiction are blended. In Robert Graves's Claudius novels, for example, the known facts are not contradicted; in *Kohlhaas*, Luther acts consistently with some of his known actions. But Paul and Rochelle Isaacson, we are told, are *not* to be taken for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, yet everything about the film (and novel) begs us so to take them.

The Isaacsons of the film are made to look either totally or very nearly innocent of treason, though recent research has proved otherwise, even if Ethel's guilt certainly, and Julius's probably, rated rather less than the death penalty. Although the proceedings of both the accusers and the defenders of the Rosenbergs were extremely shady, the film's sentiments are substantially pro-Left, and though the Communist Party is by no means whitewashed, the various branches of government come out smelling considerably worse. The less than wary viewer of *Daniel* might easily gather that the Left, in general, stands for peace and fair play, whereas the U.S. establishment, at least as it was then, was profoundly evil. This is a bit simplistic, no matter how raw the deal the Isaacsons (or Rosenbergs) got. I am uneasy when Communist rallies in the Thirties, anti-Vietnam marches in the Sixties, and anti-nuclear demonstrations in the Eighties are all blithely accorded equal footing. Likewise, if I know that the Rosenbergs had two sons, I am bothered when one of them is made into a daughter, Susan, deeply involved in political activism, and bitterly reproachful of her brother Daniel's abstention from it and immersion in graduate work and brooding.

Susan, corroded to the point of becoming suicidal, slashes her wrists and exchanges political for psychiatric commitment, in which, under circumstances left unclear (presumably another go at suicide), she eventually dies. Daniel is finally stirred to action and sets out to unearth exactly what happened to his parents. The film shifts back and forth among three or four time frames, a device that threatens to become a cliché and, in less than consummately tactful hands, already is. Here the scrambled time sequence tends to deflate rather than stimulate. Doctorow's screenplay, perhaps inevitably, is less imaginative than his novel (a genre in which different ground rules obtain), and Lumet wades in with the manic determination of a milksop persuaded that a January ocean bath is good for his health. The episodes with the parents have at least the benefit of a conscientiously reconstructed period look, which gives them a precarious authenticity; the contemporary scenes do not fit snugly into any time and introduce us perfunctorily to such an abacus of characters quickly clicking past us—not to mention periodic closeups of Daniel during which he speculates agonizedly about various modes of execution throughout history—that everything becomes blurry and anticlimactic despite the directorial hysteria. Or, possibly, because of it.

A small point, but characteristic: The screenplay avers in these interlarded soliloquies that all forms of the death penalty are equally monstrous—whether drawing and quartering, burning at the stake, or electrocution. Now, it is eminently arguable that they are all monstrous, but not that they are equally so. It is this kind of fine shading that the film consistently lacks: It is almost all heavy, dark daubs of color, and no nuances. There are moments that cannot fail to move one—such as the visit of two small children, led by their lawyer, to their parents on Death Row—but Lumet tries to move with such doggedly choreographic overdirection that the pathos is contaminated by manipulation. The execution of the Isaacsons is thus, for all its realistic details, so studiously deliberate—the one prison guard with whom Rochelle exchanges a final hug is, of course, a black woman—that it ends up being the least affecting such scene in movies I can recollect.

There are grave casting problems, too. In a way, one is grateful that Mandy Patinkin and Lindsay Crouse are so much more prepossessing than the real-life Rosenbergs, but isn't even that, in this case, a form of cheating? Doesn't it make us prettily sorry for them, instead of letting us experience a more impersonal, and thus all-encompassing horror? Conversely, Amanda Plummer is too creepy-looking and weird for Susan, so that one does not feel that it required personal tragedy to drive her over the brink. John Rubinstein, though competent, is much too young for the relative who adopts the orphaned chil-

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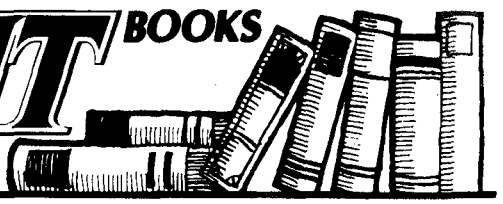

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

EARLIER THIS YEAR—in January, to be exact—a federal judge in Alabama named W. B. Hand had the enormous temerity to refuse to impose a ban on prayer in the Mobile schools. His reasoning was that the relevant Supreme Court precedents were contrary to the intent of the framers of the Constitution and to a tradition of firm judicial argument down to, say, 1947.

His decision so enraged Supreme Court Justice Powell that he issued a stay pending appeal: What kind of person was this Hand not to understand that prayer within the unsanctified walls of American education is unconstitutional according to the rulings of the Court? The circuit court, on appeal, concurred with Powell: "The Supreme Court," it stated, "has carefully [!] considered these arguments and rejected them." Twenty years earlier the Court had been equally self-assured in its disposition of *Abington* v. *Schempp*, the then-leading case involving Bible-reading and prayer in the public schools. Justice Clark, speaking for the majority, noted that the Supreme Court's interpretations of the Establishment Clause had "long been established, recognized, and constitutionally affirmed," and expressed indignation that "others continue to question their history, logic, and efficacy. . . . Such contentions," the justice concluded, "in view of the consistent interpretations of this Court, seem entirely untenable and of value only as an academic exercise."

In fact, writes Peter J. Ferrara, author of *Religion and the Constitution: A Reinterpretation* (Free Congress Research and Education Foundation, 721 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; $4.95), what we have from the Court is no clear statement either of law or of principle: merely a "grand conflict" carried on in "an untenable state of confusion" and informed by nothing better than the personal predilections of the justices, who find themselves with a legal rationale to list wheresoever they please and ignore their invested duty to protect concrete constitutional rights.

The so-called religion clauses of the U.S. Constitution are stated clearly (you might think) in the first words of the First Amendment, which reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or the free exercise thereof . . ." This statement, as Ferrara reminds us, is generally interpreted as being composed of two separate clauses, the first, prior to the comma, known as the Establishment Clause; the second as the Free Exercise Clause, guaranteeing freedom of religion. It is Ferrara's contention that the courts, in their zeal to uphold the first clause, have vitiated the second by setting the two at conflict with each other rather than interpreting them according to the articulation of their formulators: "The Free Exercise Clause may require a special legal exemption from government regulations or burdens in some instances. But under the Establishment Clause, that special exemption can be seen as impermissible aid to religion. The Establishment Clause may be seen as requiring the exclusion of religious institutions or activities from the benefits of certain government enterprises. But under the Free Exercise Clause, that exclusion can be seen as an impermissible burden on religious activity."

FERRARA'S answer is that these clauses can and should be read as a joint prescription for religious *non-discrimination*: the first a prohibition of discrimination *in favor of*, the second a prohibition of discrimination *against*, one or more particular religious sects. Such an interpretation, he argues, goes a long way toward settling a broad range of church-state disputes, and is supported by a solid tradition of constitutional scholarship. Its acceptance by the American judiciary would dispense with those anomalies whereby religious persons and institutions receive unequal treatment—amounting to actual harassment—by the government, and re-affirming thereby a basic freedom of civil society that the framers of the Constitution had no intention of abrogating. □

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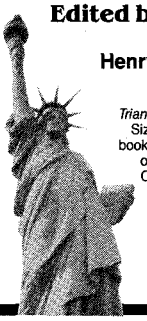

Edited by DAVID APPEL
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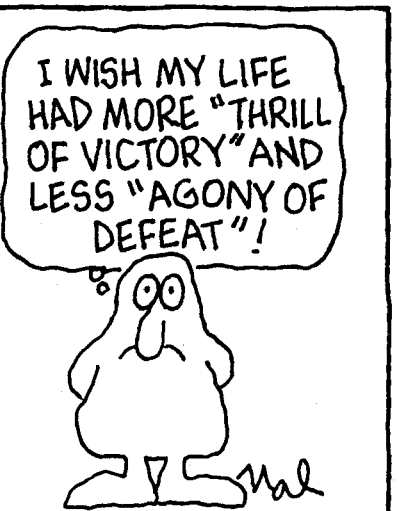

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dren; Julie Bovasso and Carmen Mathews can turn brief scenes into orgies of overacting. Tovah Feldshuh (surprisingly) and Maria Tucci (unsurprisingly) give boring performances, and Ilan M. Mitchell-Smith, as young Daniel, enunciates mush-mouthedly. Patinkin and Crouse both have excellent moments and others that are merely routine; as the grown Daniel, the gifted Timothy Hutton varnishes his acting with so many coats of reverence that he seems to be hanging in a museum rather than performing in a film. But his failure may have been forced upon him. Ed Asner underplays the defense lawyer, but the effect is not so much subtlety as nullity. The best work comes from Ellen Barkin, who, in a few fleeting scenes, makes Daniel's bedeviled wife genuinely pitiful.

There are many small but costly errors. Andrzej Bartkowiak's cinematography, dipped in bitter chocolate looks, the third time round, more mannered than Mannerist. Paul Robeson's songs on the soundtrack, now deprived of their historical moment, reveal both artistic crudity and inappropriateness as a film score. The happy ending—Daniel's political reawakening, shot at the actual Central Park anti-nuclear rally two summers ago—is photographed (as others have also noted) like a TV commercial. I am not sure whether *Daniel* needs more fiction or more fact; I know that it needs more art.

Risky Business concerns Joel Goodsen, a virginal high-school senior from an affluent Chicago Lake Shore family, whose two big concerns are getting into an Ivy League college and getting laid. While his fussily doting Jewish parents are off on a holiday, he becomes involved with Lana, a very young, shrewdly calculating, intelligent, and stylish prostitute. When he has to pay for the repairs on his father's platinum Porsche he accidentally sank in the lake, Lana gets him to turn the family residence into a brothel for a night and pair off his pals with her chums for hefty rich-kids' allowances. It takes but a little living to turn a home into a disorderly house, and this, of course, is when the man from Princeton arrives to check Joel out. It's a triumph for free enterprise: Joel makes a bundle (which he later loses to Lana's pimp), makes Lana (with whom he forms a lasting partnership), and makes Princeton. With Lana and Princeton for mentors, he will end up worldly, wealthy, and wise.

Paul Brickman, who wrote the funny screenplay for Jonathan Demme's marvelous *Citizen's Band* (a/k/a *Handle with Care*), here both writes and directs. The trouble is that he tried for too many things: a satire on American mores and moneys, a terrific make-out movie for young kids, an absurdist farce, and going public with his private fantasies. The outcome is such a *mélange de genres* that, despite some lovely, larking sequences, the movie fails in all but the second of the four categories; yet since current moviegoers seem to be almost all mentally, if not physically, 15, that may be success enough. The satire tends to be too cute to be cutting, the absurdism too tame to soar into wild poetry, the fantasy world insufficiently explored. Yet Brickman can manage patches of keen screenwriting, and his direction at least leaves the camera room in which to rove to good effect.

Though Tom Cruise is unremarkable as Joel, Rebecca de Mornay, as Lana, is a real find. The character is only a slightly updated cliché—the whore, this time, with the heart of high-tech chrome—but the young actress suggests a great deal more than the role contains: some ineffable complexity that does not explain, but at least accommodates, prostitution as a calling for an exceptional young woman. *Risky Business* was made, it seems, only a few blocks away from the location of *Ordinary People*. Apposite coincidence: As the earlier film was drama made comfortable, this one is satire turned cozy. Both films affect the high-fashion gloss that, like Mummy's ballgown on her little daughter, proves no shortcut to maturity. □

DELECTATIONS

OF ICE AND HERBS

NIKA HAZELTON

You may have wondered about perfect drinks in their perfect glasses, but have you ever wondered about perfect ice cubes? As all travelers to Europe know to their sorrow, ice cubes are an American commodity that Europeans are just beginning to trust or, at least, not to reject outright even on the hottest summer day. (It was 110° F. in Florence this summer.) My friend Doris Tobias—the wine, food, and entertainment writer for *Women's Wear Daily* and other publications—has also wondered about ice cubes and reports as follows:

Staying power is an ice cube's greatest virtue. Melting ice will add from one-half to three-fourths of an ounce of water to a drink (like a martini) that you stir for ten seconds; more if you stir longer. A good ice cube is crystal clear and has no air bubbles or cracks. Ice cubes freeze from the outside in, thus trapping any air bubbles in the center, which makes for opaque cubes that split easily and melt more quickly. Perfection in an ice cube is achieved by freezing quickly at very low temperatures; good commercial cubes are frozen in 25 minutes, compared to homemade cubes that take several hours to freeze. These cubes are also made from water that has been de-aerated, which means the air bubbles have been removed by a special machine. For a similar, though not as perfect, homemade product, use boiled, cooled water.

Not all ice cubes are cubes. But avoid fanciful cubes such as doughnut-shaped or rectangular ones because, if thin-edged, they will melt faster; remember too that thickness is desirable in a cube. Keep your ice cubes dry; when taking them out of the tray, quickly put them into a chilled metal container that will keep them dry and separate, and don't let them start melting between tray and container. If you are an ice-cube perfectionist, use distilled water.

Restaurants that care about ice cubes do not use the cheap commercial cubes we buy in five- or ten-pound sacks and which are cracked, stick together, and melt fast. At Windows on the World, the beautiful restaurant high up in Manhattan's World Trade Center, a carbon filter is used to give the water to be frozen added purity and clarity, and the cubes measure a precise one inch by one and a half inches. They also use a different number of cubes for different drinks, in order to obtain the right proportion of drink to ice. Also they "age" their cubes, believing that cubes should stand for at least 24 hours for stability. Never, but never, will they use a wet ice cube. (Observe the ice cubes when you order a drink, and you

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will have an accurate idea of the kind of place you are in.)

BILL RICKENBACKER, who pursues agriculture, philosophy, writing, general culture, etc., on his Berry Patch Farm at West Boxford, Massachusetts, has started an Herb of the Month Club, which is nice to subscribe to for oneself and for anybody else who likes cooking and reading. The subscriber receives each month a packet containing a different herb, three recipes featuring that herb, and information that includes a list of further uses of that herb, plus an essay historical, etymological, philosophical, economical, ironical, dialectical, whimsical, and non-fattening, written by Bill Rickenbacker. I have seen the first seven mailings and can assure you that they are delightful, especially the essays. The Herb of the Month is one of the better gift ideas I know of, and I recommend it for house gifts, thank-yous, Christmas presents, and for anyone one wants simply to please. A year's subscription costs $21. (Write to Berry Patch Herb of the Month Club, Box 158, West Boxford, Mass. 01995.) □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PUPIL, *by Iris Murdoch (Viking, 576 pp., $17.75).* When Professor John Robert Rozanov returns to Ennistone, England, at the end of a distinguished career, nearly all the residents of the town are profoundly affected, or at least expect to be. Readers of Miss Murdoch's latest novel are continually reminded of "the spell of the philosopher" and are supposed to be unsurprised when everyone begins to wilt and waver in his paunchy aura. Most noticeably agitated is his former pupil George, another of Miss Murdoch's Byronic creeps, who when he's not being paralyzed by Rozanov is emitting his own disruptive force field toward everyone in sight: "'You—you bewitch—everyone—' said Brian, hardly able to speak." In case one finds the notion of these two acting like psychological Kryptonite implausible, Miss Murdoch offers the possibility that Ennistone, built next to a hot spring, may just be experiencing "a kind of unholy restlessness which attacks the town at intervals like an epidemic." It is good that this explanation exists, because no matter how hard Miss Murdoch tries, Rozanov and George always seem more boorish than frightening. One of her problems, in fact, is that having created and peopled this whole moist Middlemarch, Miss Murdoch has failed to put anyone decidedly likable into it. Only two characters (out of dozens) come close to being that, and, as it is, one of them is an airhead and the other a prude. It's the elusive narrator who remarks that "We would all be comic characters if we were in novels," and he's right, of course, except that we'd be a lot funnier than the ones in *The Philosopher's Pupil.* Iris Murdoch has in the past produced some marvelous, big, grim comedies, but in this book she approaches tedious self-parody. It is bloated with repetitive philosophical discussion. Its rivers of description are stocked with hundreds of adjectives through which the reader must navigate without the help of so much as a comma. Miss Murdoch's great strength as a novelist has been her ability to arrange extraordinarily weird connections among her networks of characters. But if a book like *A Word Child* (1975) seemed the work of a crystallographer, *The Philosopher's Pupil* might be the product of someone who saves string. What a disappointment to find her making a mess instead of a conundrum.

THOMAS MALLON

COMMON SENSE IN NUCLEAR ENERGY, *by Fred Hoyle and Geoffrey Hoyle (Freeman, 85 pp., $5.50, paper).* Because the recent cutbacks in demand for energy have led to oil-price rollbacks by OPEC, anti-nuclear activists are gleefully declaring the death of nuclear energy, which, according to them, is no longer needed. The noted British scientists Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle set out to show that such reasoning is illusory and that nuclear energy is actually our only hope for the future. The environmentalists, as the anti-nuclear activists call themselves, advocate the use of coal, hydro power, natural gas, and solar power. In their zeal to save mankind from nuclear power, they ignore the 140 coal miners killed in the United States each year. They fail to notice that the dams that provide hydroelectric power have killed thousands of people over the years, from the 2,200-plus killed by the Johnstown flood in 1889 to the 250 killed by the collapse of the dam on Rapid Creek in South Dakota in 1972. And nuclear reactors cannot explode, whereas natural-gas explosions have accounted for thousands of deaths. Nuclear energy is not without its problems: Such matters as radioactive emissions, nuclear proliferation, radioactive waste, and reactor accidents are examined and put into perspective. The safety record of coal, hydro power, and natural gas is contrasted with that of nuclear energy, to which no deaths have ever been directly attributed. Yet, in 1979 *Time* allotted 25 lines to the collapse of a dam that killed two thousand people in Gujarat, West India, whereas a large portion of one issue of that magazine was devoted to the Three Mile Island accident, in which nobody was killed or even injured. To the Hoyles the truth matters: Without nuclear power, the citizens of the developed countries will be unable to maintain their present standard of living; the citizens of the underdeveloped countries will be forever condemned to an average income of $100 to $500 a year.

RONALD KLUEH

BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 1274)

go at their own risk." Of course, they weren't going to the Soviet Union intentionally. "It doesn't change the principle."

On other issues, Bergland endorses an end to federal limitations on the liability of nuclear-power plants, in the expectation that this would cripple the industry. His platform decries gun control, drug laws, and the "harassment" of homosexuals. There are Libertarians who believe that unborn babies are persons, but they cut no ice. The platform would permit any abortion that was not subsidized.

How will the Bergland campaign affect the party? This had been the one real difference between the two main candidates. Ravenal wanted an effort aimed at the national media. Bergland will concentrate on "grass-roots party building." Surely Bergland is right. The Libertarian tallies for President have been, frankly, pitiful—in the same league as William Lemke and John Schmitz, not George Wallace or John Anderson. The party's experience in Alaska suggests that it can have local success. A Libertarian governor or congressman, which is not utterly beyond the realm of possibility, could make more of a mark than a dozen back-of-the-bus presidential finishes.

In the long run, the disenchantment that the Libertarians profit from works against them. Kevin Phillips and other pollsters point to anomalies like Dick Randolph and Klansmen winning major party primaries as harbingers of a sea change in political loyalties. But it takes more effort to support a new party than to go along with the old ones. The two-party system is suffering from drop-outs, not frustrated zealots. There is no long-range profit for Libertarians, or anyone else, in disillusionment. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

WILLIAM [JAMES] DURANT:

George Santayana

Perhaps in the distant future men will be sufficiently intelligent to combine aristocracy with democracy, giving the franchise to all, but limiting office to the fit. Till then we must suffer fools gladly.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

How Far Can the President Go?

On The Right

New York, Sept. 25—The feeling grows that the time is at hand to straighten out the mess, the centerpiece of which is the War Powers Act. As so often is the case when there is a quandary respecting the correctness of a piece of legislation, the sought-after solution is to turn the question over to the Supreme Court, to stop worrying about it. And then, as often happens, conservatives look to the Supreme Court to act in one way, liberals look to it to act in another way. And, as also happens, the position of the two camps has reversed in the past couple of generations.

What happened, you will remember, is that toward the end of the Vietnam years, at a moment when the United States was lacking the determination to press on to victory, but was ashamed simply to pull out of our explicitly reiterated commitment to help the South Vietnamese defend themselves against Communist aggression, Congress lapsed into what might be called spastic isolationism. Under the general leadership of Senators Church, Cooper, and Javits, several resolutions were passed, most prominently the War Powers Act, which sought to define what are the President's powers as Commander-in-Chief of the armed services. This is a designation conferred on him by the Constitution in Article II, which comes directly after the authority given exclusively to Congress to declare war, in Article I. Congress was saying, in effect, that its rights under Article I were being regularly swamped by the President's rights under Article II. This was a pretty cogent point, after six years of fighting in Vietnam, which happened, in turn, 13 years after three years of fighting in Korea, in neither of which engagement had Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, or Nixon gone to Congress asking for declarations of war.

NOW THE rough division of sentiment on this act, both back when it was passed in 1973 and today, has conservatives lining up on the side of the Chief Executive, and liberals on the side of Congress. Why? Because the two encounters in question—Korea and Vietnam—were being fought against Communists, and it is a matter of record that conservatives tend to agitate more keenly than liberals when the Communists are the enemy.

This is a very solid historical turnabout. Fifty years ago, conservatives were tearing out their hair over FDR's day-by-day improvisations designed to involve us in the war against the Axis powers. In those days, FDR would trade destroyers without consulting Congress, he would make commitments to land U.S. troops in Ireland, to fire at German submarines. And in due course, as was widely predicted by many of his conservative critics, we got—Pearl Harbor, and American entry into the war.

Now the War Powers Act says that in the event the President sends American soldiers to an area of the world in which they face probable involvement in hostile action, then the President must announce to Congress that the statutory countdown has begun. During a period between sixty and ninety days after the President's notification to Congress, Congress has two choices: It may validate the President's deployment of our armed forces in a hostile area. Or it may order the President to pull our troops back out of action.

Now the conservatives tend to argue that you cannot give the President the responsibility of Commander-in-Chief and simultaneously give that authority to Congress. If the Commander-in-Chief is not free to deploy American troops as he sees fit—whether for sixty days or for sixty months, in order to guard American security interests—then he cannot discharge his constitutional responsibility. But wait a minute—the other side says. We have in sight two obtrusive data to contend with. If what we did in Korea and Vietnam wasn't to fight a war, then there was never a war fought. And in fact the Constitution reserves the war-making power for Congress not for the Commander-in-Chief.

Consider, then, our Marines in Lebanon. Including the four Marines killed in Lebanon. Is the presence of those Marines in Lebanon a decision the President should unilaterally make? Or is it a war in the making and therefore a question that falls within the jurisdiction of Congress? More than a hundred times in American history U.S. troops have been involved in military action even though there was no war declared. Is this something that falls in that category? Or do we have the beginning of a Vietnamese engagement? There was presumably a time in Vietnam when only four American soldiers had been killed.

This conservative is not entirely out of sympathy with those who believe that the disregard of Congress went too far in Korea and in Vietnam. True, if Lyndon Johnson had asked not for the Tonkin Gulf Resolution but for a declaration of war, he'd probably have got it. One wishes he had done exactly that, removing the schizophrenia that would ultimately paralyze us, with the result that we got out of Vietnam only 58,000 dead Americans, prolonged national humiliation, and boat people. On the other hand, against whom would one declare war in Lebanon? Syria? The Shi'ite Moslems? The Druse? The question is vexed, and sometimes when questions are vexed we are better off, not worse off, simply muddling through. Congressmen ought to resist being drafted into automatic support of a President's foreign-policy initiatives. But the President should also remember that no prolonged military engagement is worth risking without solid congressional support. □

RUMORS, RUMORS

New York, Sept. 22—Washington, as we all know, is full of rumors. Rumors, it is generally and accurately assumed, are usually wrong. Rumors, it is less generally recognized, are sometimes correct. In relaying a rumor, is the party actually merchandising it? Has he a motive in mind? "It is not true that presidential candidate Jones is suffering from terminal syphilis" is a well-known rhetorical device not for contradicting the news that Jones is suffering from syphilis, but for advertising it. "Paralepsis," the rhetoric people call that. During the Second World War the device was widely used. The British, operating an underground radio station allegedly in Nazi-occupied France, several times a day over a protracted period denounced the "pernicious rumor" that General Rommel was a homosexual. And the rumor-mongers scored. General Rommel lost much of his prestige.

Having said all of this, I report that the Speaker of the House of Representatives is "confiding" to friends that Ronald Reagan has secretly decided not to run again for President in 1984. I say "confided" because the passage of such a report from Tip O'Neill to such persons as he has passed the report along to is very nearly a guarantee that the confidence will not be kept. "Let me see now," a cautious and venerable old businessman in Illinois used to say. "How many people

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know this?" He would grab a piece of paper. "John knows it [one mark on the paper], Jim knows it [a second mark], Bill knows it [third mark], and Eric knows it [fourth]. Hmm. That makes"—pause, as he looks down on his worksheet—"one thousand one hundred and eleven people who know it."

So what is going on? Tip O'Neill expands on the story. Reagan has decided not to run, the rumor goes, for several reasons. One of them that he wishes to live a few years having enjoyed the Presidency, rather than run for a second term, in expectation of a brief post-political life. A second reason (the rumor continues) is that Reagan anticipates that the next Senate will be dominated not by friendly Republicans, but by most unfriendly Democrats. If the Democrats pick up the Senate in 1984, as the odds favor their doing, the Majority Leader would be Senator Byrd, and the Democrat in charge of the two most powerful committees engaged in domestic affairs would be Senator Kennedy. The House, meanwhile, would still have Tip O'Neill. The prospect of four years working with a Congress dominated by these three gentlemen would discourage a 34-year-old, let alone a 74-year-old (Tip continues).

NOW THERE are the usual reasons for delaying an announcement. To say you are not going to run is to invite the condescension given to lame ducks. There is that. But there is something more important right now, the story goes. And that is the matter of a successor. According to this view, the President believes that the successor would be either Jack Kemp from New York, or George Bush, the Prince of Wales. Now if the President were to announce early on—in September, say, or October—that he is pulling out, that would give the Kemp forces plenty of time to mobilize, and the possibility would be high that in the primaries Kemp would knock Bush out, Kemp being a slugger, Bush a fighter more in the genteel tradition. Reagan would not like to see this happen, the rumor continues. For two reasons. The first is that, after all, he selected Bush as his running-mate, and in doing so in effect validated Bush's claim to ascendancy within the party. A second reason (Tip says) is that Reagan doesn't like Kemp, and doesn't want to see him succeed in bringing on conservative reforms more fundamental than those Reagan attempted. Rather a moderate; so to speak, a historical caretaker who would oversee the consolidation of the reforms attempted by Reagan.

There. I have said it, and my sense of obligation is discharged.

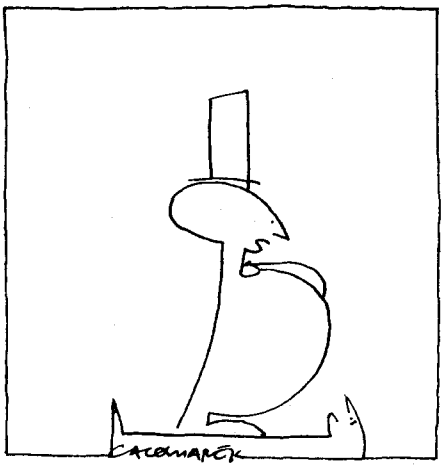
In the postwar period, only two Presidents stepped down, Harry Truman in 1952, and Lyndon Johnson in 1968, and in both cases, the decision was made only after concluding that they did not have a reasonable chance of winning. Better to step down than to be beaten. But Reagan is not likely to be beaten, not as things stand. In politics, things are volatile, and next November, who knows, Mr. Reagan may calculate that the tide has turned against him. But not yet, not yet. And so while the rumor is worth remarking, it is not worth betting on. □

THE U.S. RESPONSE

New York, Sept. 20—We should face it that understanding the Russians isn't something we are ever likely to master. James Reston struggles valiantly in his column and says perhaps they shot down the Korean airliner because they were invaded by Napoleon. That is as good a guess as any. Even concentrated Soviet-watchers are surprised by the voluminous lies being told. The Soviet Union is now suggesting that the tape that plays the exchanges between the fighter pilots and their command base is "perhaps two years old." How do you deal with people like that?

And what satisfaction are we supposed to get out of the explanation by the Soviets that a) they didn't shoot down the plane; that b) on the other hand they did shoot it down because c) it was really an American spy plane; which d) actually it was not, but the Korean airliner was engaged in a spy mission; and e) the Soviet pilot in fact mistook the Boeing 747 for the Air Force RC-135. Since the RC-135 was on land one thousand miles away from the shooting, since it does not look like the Boeing 747, the effect of the Soviets' reassurance is on the order of saying that they thought it was the Eniwetok Atoll, and all along it proved to be Detroit they dropped the bomb on, and that's Detroit's fault.

Senator Moynihan is profoundly correct in saying that last week the Soviet Union was guilty of two atrocities. The first, the shooting down of the airliner. The second, its behavior after shooting it down. No one since Charles Manson gloated over the blood he and his groupies shed in Hollywood that night has cackled more grotesquely than the Soviet Union in flaunting its insouciance over the death of men, women, and children innocent even of the knowledge that it is dangerous to fly in a commercial liner across the borders of the Soviet Union.



"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ATTRACTED TO THE UNDERDOG."

There has been some dissatisfaction over the President's speech. Hardly surprising. It was a magnificent forensic performance. For that reason, it was emotionally frustrating. If Winston Churchill had declaimed that the British had nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat and therefore he would go to the Commons and to the House of Lords and ask for a joint declaration against Adolf Hitler, his speech too would have bred frustration.

On the other hand, we don't—do we?—know what to do. War is excluded these days, and everything short of war runs into a vested interest. The wheat farmers, the Pepsi-Cola people, the gas-pipeline manufacturers, the truck people, the bankers.

TRUE, WE could draw strategic inferences from Soviet behavior, one of them that a treaty is not really worth the trouble of devising, because it is violated whenever it suits the Soviet interest to violate it, and meanwhile the Soviet Union profiteers from the sense of security that emanates from such a treaty. We have a treaty against the use of chemical warfare, which the Soviet Union is regularly violating in Cambodia and in Afghanistan. We have a covenant on human rights grandly ratified by the Soviet Union in 1973, reaffirmed in Helsinki two years later, reaffirmed in Madrid a few months ago. We have a covenant (the United Nations Charter) against the use of military aggression, which did not deter the Soviet Union in Hungary or in Czechoslovakia or, now, in Afghanistan. History will probably record that the most severe anti-Soviet measure undertaken as a result of the downed Korean airliner is the reaffirmed resolution of the citizens of Glen Cove, Long Island, not to permit Soviet personnel living in their dacha on the North Shore the use of the beach facilities on Long Island Sound, inasmuch as they are not paying their share of the taxes.

If the critics of President Reagan are saying that he ought not to pay any attention to the wheat farmers, the Pepsi-Cola makers, the gas-pipeline makers, and the bankers, then those critics are absolutely right, the only trouble being that he would not then be President Reagan, he would be Governor Reagan, or Ronald Reagan, or just a speechwriter or anti-Communist orator, like thee and me. Sometimes leaders can bring an entire people around, and sometimes Abraham Lincoln is President. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One who searches for a Luce magazine (2 words) — 83 35 55 63 74 86 160 164 114 131 / 145 169 7

B. Where President Reagan competes in the rat race (2 words) — 12 40 51 49 68 136 144 117 171 8

C. A large, powerful *herbivorous thick-skinned perissodactyl mammal* — 39 146 78 96 137 163 154 14 45 64

D. Ability — 52 20 142 9 108 70

E. A region on the Red Sea — 126 110 11 18 120

F. A pretty girl's name — 134 157 167 121 111

G. Made unkempt — 138 13 84 156 21 80 122

H. A monastery scullery — 143 1 61 99 159

I. Part of Julius's brainchild? (2 words) — 57 88 95 5 16 29 41 48 148 73 / 66 132 24 82 124 33

J. It's even money that the queer character shells out (3 words) — 158 87 149 60 2 69 76 170 22 113

K. What capitalism makes the colorful Communist turn — 174 101 161

L. Socialites or a famous Socialist — 47 150 27 175

M. A book by Louisa May Alcott (2 words) — 89 119 112 30 4 173 59 127 153

N. An English poet (1822–88) — 140 128 42 92 17 81

O. Coercive power — 23 53 58 75 151

P. Ungrateful — 6 31 25 19 56 129 90 37 91

Q. What punks drink from — 109 152 103 162

R. Moral obligation — 165 130 43 65 168

S. An Austrian chess expert (1829–71) — 94 98 105 166 34 46 141

T. Gloom — 97 32 135 123

U. A stupid person — 147 100 125

V. Records of ships or aircraft — 3 104 139 102

W. Recedes — 28 115 36 79

X. Members of the quality — 15 85 71 26 106 155 38 62

Y. Units named for a German physicist (1787–1854) — 54 133 44 116

Z. To lose intentionally — 10 172 107 93 67

a. A river in Hesse — 72 118 50 77

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1298 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 H	2 J	3 V	4 M	■	5 I	6 P	7 A	8 B	9 D	10 Z	■	11 E	12 B	13 G	14 C	15 X
16 I	17 N	■	18 E	19 P	20 D	21 G	22 J	23 O	24 I	■	25 P	26 X	27 L	28 W	29 I	30 M
■	31 P	32 T	33 I	34 S	■	35 A	36 W	37 P	38 X	39 C	40 B	41 I	42 N	43 R	■	44 Y
45 C	46 S	47 L	48 I	49 B	50 a	■	51 B	52 D	■	53 O	54 Y	55 A	56 P	■	57 I	58 O
59 M	60 J	61 H	62 X	63 A	64 C	■	65 R	66 I	■	67 Z	68 B	69 J	70 D	■	71 X	72 a
■	73 I	74 A	75 O	76 J	77 a	78 C	79 W	80 G	81 N	■	82 I	83 A	■	84 G	85 X	86 A
87 J	88 I	89 M	90 P	■	91 P	92 N	93 Z	94 S	■	95 I	96 C	97 T	98 S	99 H	100U	101K
102V	■	103Q	104V	105S	106X	107Z	108D	109Q	110E	111F	112M	■	113J	114A	115W	116Y
117B	118a	119M	120E	121F	122G	■	123T	124I	125U	126E	127M	128N	■	129P	130R	131A
132I	133Y	134F	135T	■	136B	137C	138G	■	139V	140N	141S	■	142D	143H	144B	145A —
146C	147U	148I	149J	150L	151O	■	152Q	153M	154C	155X	156G	157F	158J	159H	160A	161K
■	162Q	163C	164A	165R	166S	167F	■	168R	169A	170J	171B	172Z	173M	174K	175L	■

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Consumer Orientation
No. 24 in a series
Subject: Design objective: maximum performance, not maximum production.

24 Porsche 944

Engineered for maximum performance, the design of the Porsche 944 does not lend itself to ease and speed of assembly. We cannot increase our production schedule because to do so would mean to compromise the outstanding quality and performance that created the exceptional demand for this automobile in the first place.

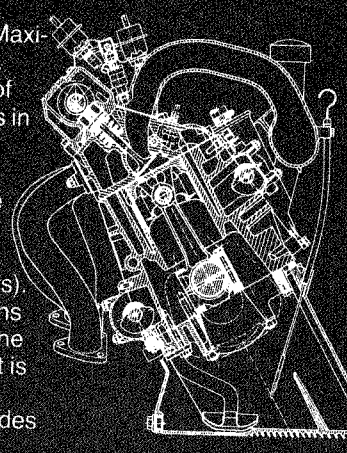
The Porsche 944 accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.9 seconds. Top speed is 130 mph. Maximum torque is achieved as low as 3000 rpm.

Behind these impressive numbers is one of the largest, most powerful 4-cylinder engines in production: 2.5 liters, 143 hp.

To counter the vibrations an engine of this magnitude would normally produce, Porsche engineers have incorporated a system of counter-rotating silencer shafts and special engine mounts (actually mini shock absorbers).

The result: a 4-cylinder power plant that runs with the smoothness of a 6. Building the engine is, by necessity, a slow process, but the result is a high performance automobile.

Porsche's exclusive transaxle design provides an almost perfectly balanced front/rear weight distribution. This design requires drive train elements to be constructed as a single unit, instead of as individual components. Difficult to assemble, it contributes to the exceptional handling, cornering and directional control unique to Porsche.



From its internal mechanics to its ergonomics, every aspect of the Porsche 944 is designed to optimize performance.

To insure high performace and quality, every car is inspected, every engine is tested, and every 944 is run on the open road prior to shipment.

The Porsche 944 is the antithesis of the mass produced automobile. But then, at Porsche, excellence is expected.

PORSCHE + AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE

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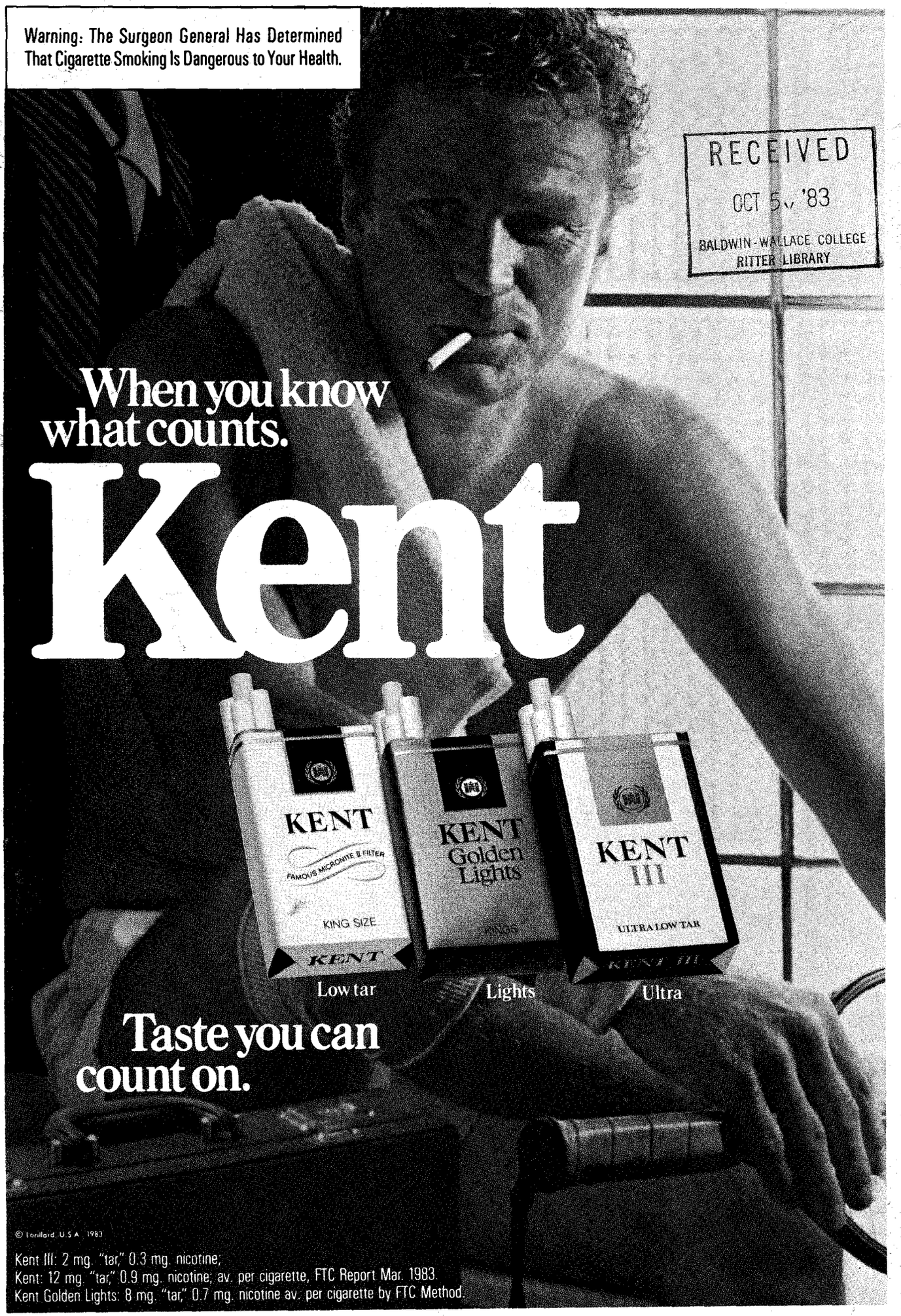
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Taste you can count on.
© Lorillard, U.S.A. 1983
Kent III: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine;
Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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